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THE SPHERE

Vol. CXCVIII
No. 2578

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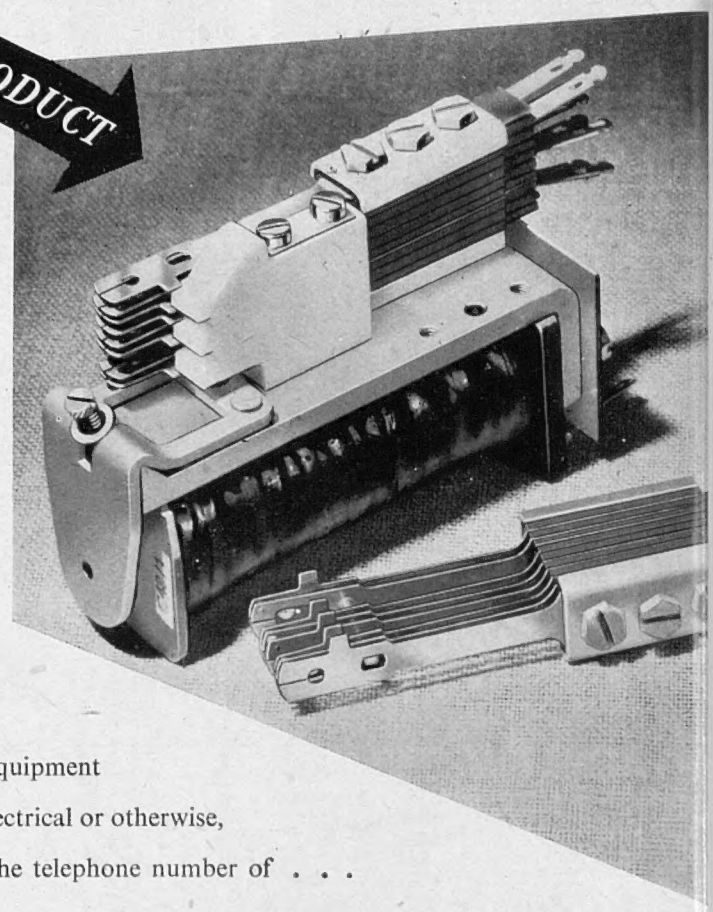

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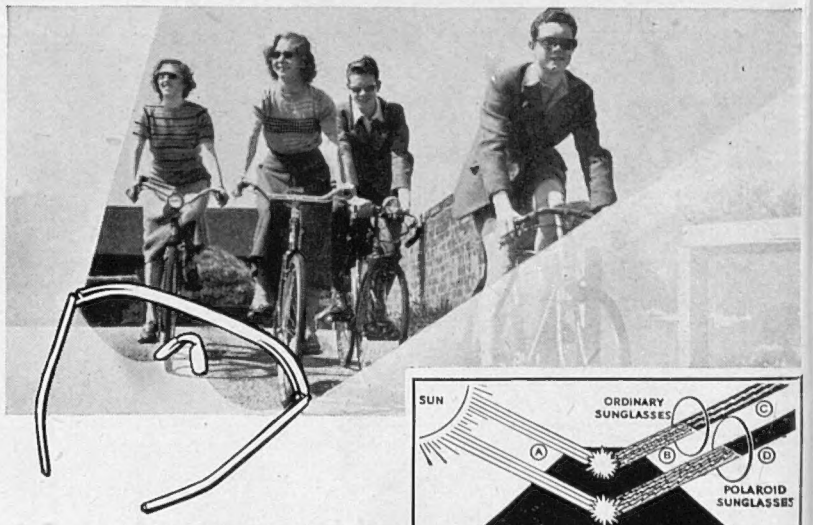

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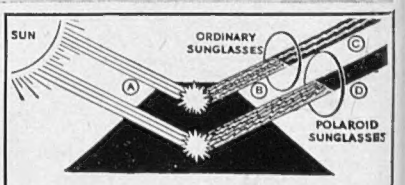

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Volume CXCVIII No. 2578 The SPHERE, London, July 2, 1949

THE SPHERE
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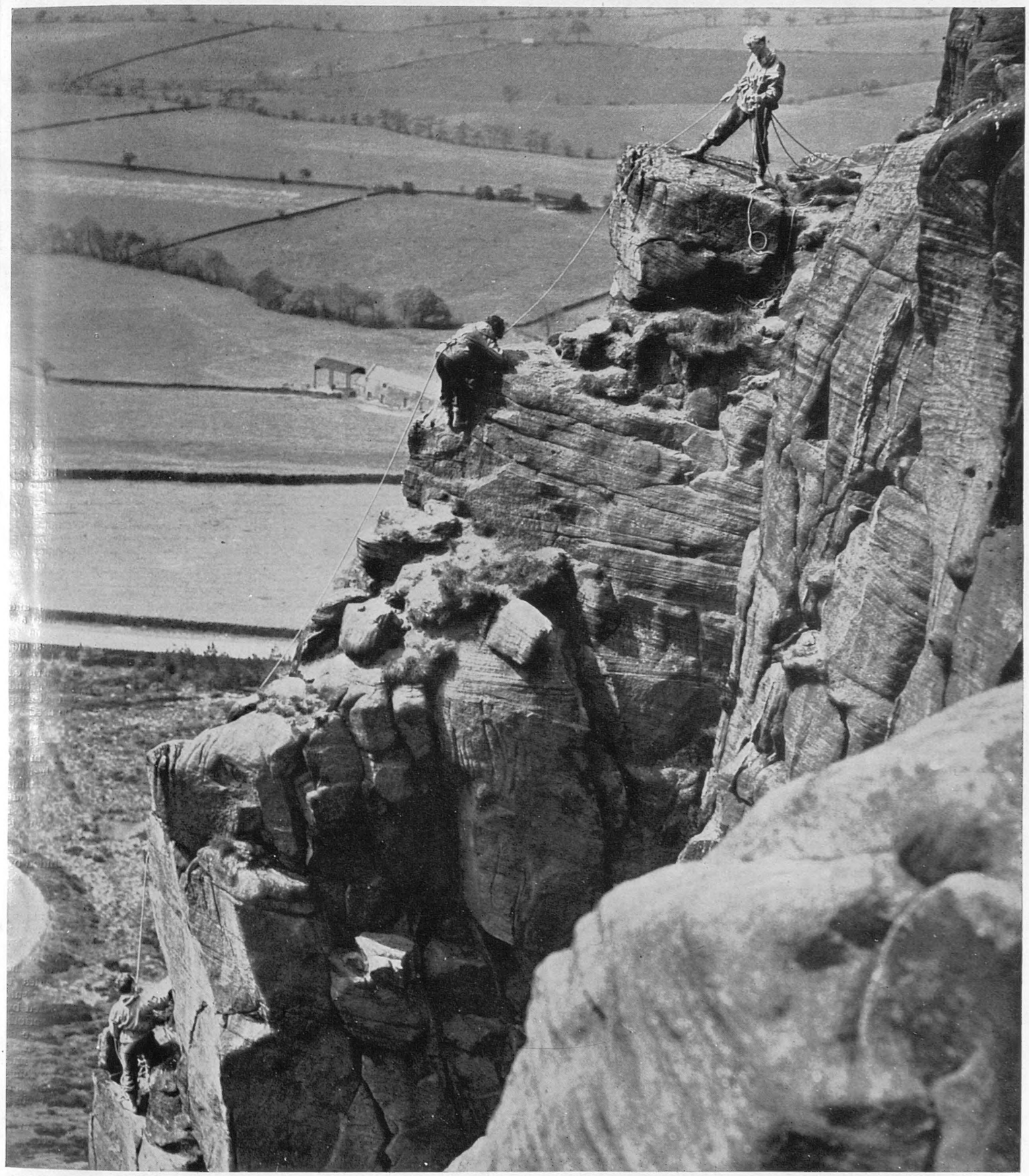
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly



A ROCK-CLIMBING HOLIDAY IN THE PEAK DISTRICT—THREE ENTHUSIASTS SCALE THE HEIGHTS OF HEN CLOUD, NEAR LEEK, STAFFORDSHIRE: In this picture the safety technique and the use of the rope in rock-climbing are well illustrated. In the past there have been so many tragedies among the peaks and Lakeland fells that the British Mountaineering Council and the Ministry of Education have lately both addressed themselves to teaching safer methods and, particularly, to training teachers. (See page 17, "A School for Mountaineers")

The leader of the climbing party in this picture, having reached a safe ledge at the top of the "pitch," has belayed to a block, and with the rope passed round his shoulders he safeguards the ascent of the second climber, while a third climber waits his turn on a ledge below. Climbing enthusiasts are already out in force in the Peak District and among the Lakeland fells, and when the school holidays come along there will be even greater numbers indulging in this rather hazardous sport. To cope with some of these hazards, the Ministry of Education is sponsoring a mountaineering course, thus giving youth leaders, scoutmasters and others an introduction to rock-climbing, so that they in turn can instruct other would-be mountaineers in the finer points. By this means, it is hoped, many a holiday-time accident will be averted.

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A LONDON NEWSLETTER

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

Milverton's Conversion.—

Lord Milverton, formerly Sir A. Richards, Governor of Nigeria, was made a peer in 1947 and soon afterwards joined the Socialist Party. It took him just two years to discover that Socialism in theory and in practice are very different things. His public recantation of Socialism in the House of Lords was described as a bombshell. Bombshells are rare in the Lords and the headline was rather strong, but in truth his personal statement was of peculiar interest to the "middle cut" of voters. How many, like Lord Milverton, joined the Labour Party or voted for it because they had in their consciousness the ideal of social justice, and having absorbed *in outline* the principles of "When Labour rules," hoped that a Socialist Government would deliver the goods—and are now "appalled at the type of goods being delivered." "I was born free," he said, "and have spent the best part of my life teaching the ideals of liberty to backward peoples." He joined the Socialists expecting to take part in a crusade, free to think for himself. After two years he found himself signing away his right to think and being driven forward in a rake's progress to totalitarianism. Having delivered himself of these conclusions "before a tense House," he joined—the Liberal Party. This should ensure him plenty of time to think for himself but not so certain a means of acting according to his conscience, as if, for example, he had joined the Conservatives. It seems to me that all his speech was admirable as propaganda against the Steel Bill, a very telling intervention in a Parliamentary debate of some importance but, at the moment, of not absolutely first-rate importance. Earlier or later, he might have found an even more telling juncture for the delivery of his bombshell. But what he said must not be forgotten.

The Middle Cut.—

I feel absolutely certain that Lord Milverton stands as a type of the middle cut of voters, the wobblers of 1945 who voted for Labour to see what it could do to put right glaring instances of social injustice, to achieve that "Socialism in theory" which almost every educated, thinking, humane man favoured in his heart after World Wars I and II. This middle cut did not want "business as usual" to come back again. They saw that much of the old fabric of our social system was rotten and long outworn. They did not want to go back to being governed from White's Club in the Oxford accent, and they were quite certain that such a Government, faced with a close alliance between a strong Labour political party and the T.U.C., would utterly fail to deal with the Labour unrest which follows all World Wars. It would be unseated inside six months. I am not sure that they do not think so still. They cannot believe that the "boys," the old school-tie element of the Conservatives, then or now, are the men for the job. How different in retrospect and in prospect would the chances of a Conservative victory have been if the Shadow Cabinet of Conservatism were composed of a large proportion of working-men Conservatives, of younger, more convinced, less tradition-bound politicians, men in closer touch with the workers and less bound up in management! There is another point in Milverton's confession which marks him out as a type of this middle cut—a personal aversion to a single member of the Socialist Government.

The Importance of Bevan.—

This is Mr. Aneurin Bevan, and Lord Milverton's obvious detestation of him is of peculiar interest. It is shared by thousands of men like Lord Milverton; for this man, by means of his unrestrained and intemperate language, has proved a very apostle of hate, has made a nonsense of all those fine theories of brotherhood, fellowship and justice for all which drew the Milvertons in to the crusade. As preacher of hate and synthetic evangelist, he has set all classes by the ears, but, above all, has revealed how much contempt he and his kind feel for the "people" whose liberation from tyranny was the creed of the crusade. But here is a snag to Conservative hopes. This very man, now anathema to the middle cut, remains first in popularity with the great mass of convinced Socialist workers. He is their fighting leader. Mathematics might suggest that the best hopes for the next election are a Socialist Government with a majority reduced to saner proportions, demanding a slower and saner policy of reform. And so, I think, it will be, unless before the time comes for the nation's new choice and second thoughts, the voter is given a clearer idea of the men who will fill the chief offices under Conservative rule and has some assurance that they will be welcome to Conservative and middle-cut working men. It is, of course, a possibility that, in the next few months, our economic condition may overshadow personal prejudices and result in an "any-change-for-the-better" reaction at the polls. A great responsibility therefore rests to-day on the Milvertons and the middle cuts. I do not believe that Socialist government, continued for another five years of its present totalitarian power, will result in Orwell's nightmare in 1984. But I do believe that if in 1950 Socialism returns to power with a majority in the House of over 100, by 1955 men who still value freedom and the right to think for themselves, will find England (if still economically above water and preserving such vestiges of our former civilisation as still exist) an intolerable country to live in.

Report on Population.—

So tremendous has been the impact of the Report on Population (Royal Commission 1944) on my prejudices and imagination that I am reserving my reasoned comments for an article on another page. Because of its great importance and the criticism it will evoke, I am arranging to publish it when I shall (I hope) be living in a cleft in the Highland hills 14 miles by inaccessible road from the nearest settlement. To ensure that you don't miss this tremendous contribution to vital statistics, you should order your copy now. Meanwhile, I will withdraw the veil a tantalising inch. I shall be found on the side of good old Mr. Malthus (now with God). I shall prove conclusively that the extra one-fifth of a child which we intellectuals are to be asked to produce is not really a *good thing*, either for us or our country or civilisation, or, indeed, for the fifth of the child. In short, I shall refute the unanimous finding of those fifteen clever men and women who have brooded for five years over these matters. Meanwhile, I hand it to them for giving expression to a big idea, too long lost sight of.

Medals—A Drug in the Market.—

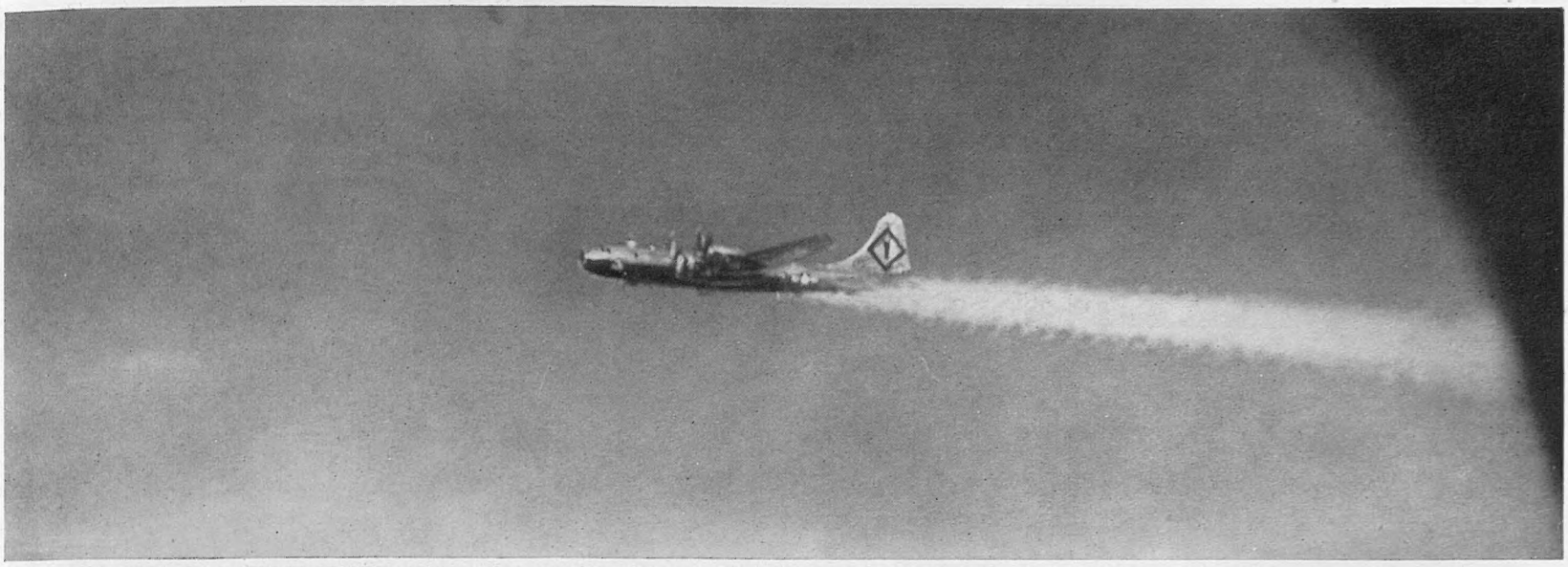
4,000,000 officers and men were entitled to apply for war medals, of whom 1,333,333 have so applied. There are therefore to-day 8,000,000 medals unclaimed. Mr. Shinwell had no explanation why so enormous a proportion of the fighting men to-day have no desire for medals. It might seem odd if one merely relies on memory of the bitter controversies which began before the war ended, as to the withholding of particular campaign medals from this or that unit or group. There was a demand for medals then. But in war medals are useful as stimulants, as carrots. In peace, a drug in the market. And I confess I am not surprised. All authorities conspire to curtail their display once the war is over. There is not a single occasion in all the year when the men who earned them are officially *directed* to wear them. On Armistice Day there is "no objection if you so desire." Who wear medals? Serving personnel, a few commissionaires of cinemas and suchlike, a very few V.I.P.s who are considered worthy of invitations to certain evening banquets, and sometimes those who attend "Old Boy" dinners. Cupboard space is restricted in most of our homes to-day, and people don't think it worth storing scrap-metal never likely to be used.

A Musical Nation?—

There is general agreement in the music world that we have more orchestras than we need and more concerts than the musical public wants. Our four chief orchestras all made losses, and heavy losses at that, where not modified by grants from the Arts Council and American money. The London Philharmonic in particular, founded by Sir Thomas Beecham in 1932, received £25,000 from the L.C.C. and £10,000 from the Arts Council in its last season, but still lost an enormous amount of money. The Royal Philharmonic, the London Symphony and the New London Symphony all lost money despite grants to the last two. The general opinion is that, besides a plethora of concerts, losses result because the public is not attracted by unknown works and "very" serious music. They are still in the stage of satisfying their "serious" interest in music with Beethoven's fifth and Tchaikovski's "1812." Anything else that is great and good or new is a gamble. The rival claims of racing, dogs, cricket and what-not are too clamant. The day's weather may make all the difference. But retrenchment is a problem. Who would have the heart to propose the liquidation of a finely assembled and trained orchestra, who would dare to propose that this one must go and that be spared? I cannot throw a stone at our national culture in music. I myself am still in the 5th-Symphony stage. I ask and desire no better and no more. I am afraid there has been a lack of co-ordination and economic brass-tacks, as a result of premature faith in our emergence as a really musical nation.

THE OLD STAGER

NEW ACQUISITIONS BY THE LIBRARY OF ST. PAUL'S—A RICH COLLECTION OF REFORMATION MANUSCRIPTS FORMS THE BASIS OF WHAT THE DEAN AND CHAPTER HOPE WILL COME TO BE REGARDED AS "A LIVING CENTRE OF LEARNING": The new acquisitions include a series of historical manuscripts relating to the ecclesiastical, political and social history of the sixteenth century in particular, the detailed study of which will throw new light on the Tudor epoch. The collection, however, is of varied character, and among items of Medieval provenance it includes a twelfth-century manuscript of the Bible presented by Prior Walter of Merton to Witham and a Liber Magnus of Robert Reade, Bishop of Chichester, 1396-1415. The recent acquisition of manuscripts is a first step in making the library an important centre for ecclesiastical documents which concern the history of the country, and especially of London. It is also proposed to make use of other rooms and aisles for study, one of which would be devoted to repairing manuscripts and old books. It is hoped that this repair shop will become renowned for the quality of its work and for its contribution towards the preservation of national records. In order to carry out this task of opening up the library to its maximum possibilities for scholars and for the general public, it is estimated that a sum of £40,000 will be required to complete the purchase of the present collection of manuscripts, and for the general maintenance of the library



A SUPERFORTRESS, AT A HEIGHT OF OVER SEVEN MILES, LEAVES A VAPOUR TRAIL BEHIND IT WHEN GOING INTO THE ATTACK IN THIS WEEK'S BATTLE OVER BRITAIN: It was one of the units of the United States Air Force which co-operated with the Royal Netherlands Air Force and the British Air Force in Operation "Foil," which began at noon last Saturday and will continue until dusk this Sunday. One Superfort developed engine trouble twice during the week-end, and on the first occasion Charles Gardner, the B.B.C. commentator, had to bale out at 30,000 ft.

BATTLE OVER BRITAIN

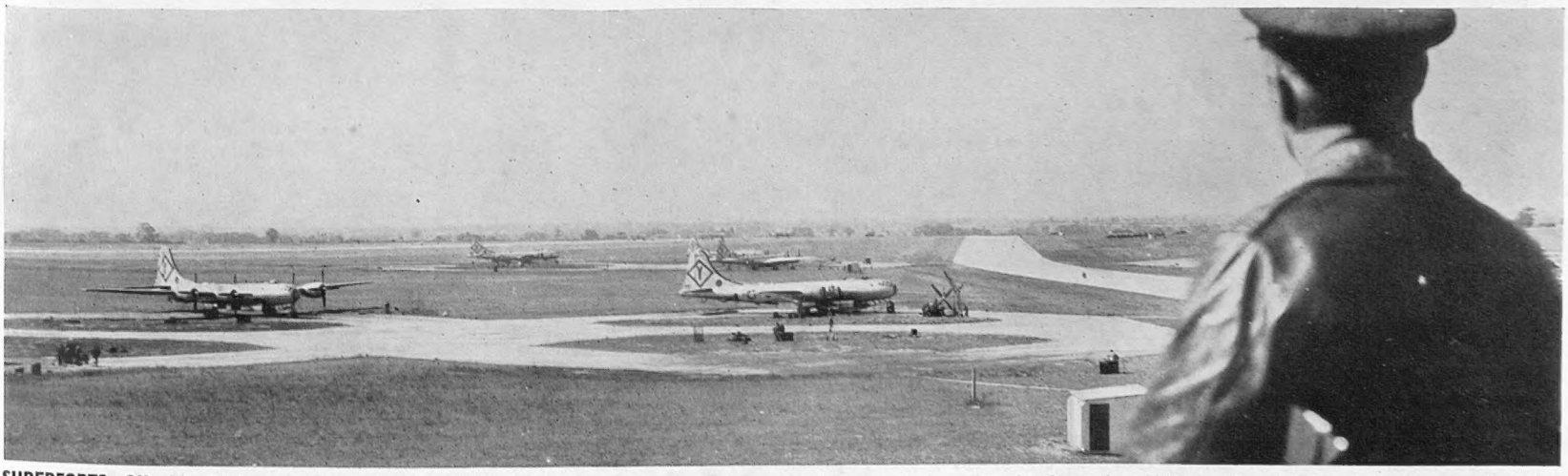
Air Units of Western Union in a Nine-Day Exercise

A nine-day exercise to test Britain's air defences began last week-end, and there was widespread activity both by day and night. In the first phase of Operation Foil, as it is called, auxiliary and Territorial units took part together with regular units of the R.A.F., the United States Air Force and the Royal Netherlands Air Force, and A.A. Command in repelling daylight attacks by the Superfortresses of the United States 3rd Air Division stationed in this country, and night raids by R.A.F. Bomber Command Lincolns and Lancasters. By the end of the first phase of the exercise last Tuesday, valuable training had been given not only to fighters and guns, but also to the radar warning and reporting teams and the Royal Observer Corps. At the invitation of Mr. Henderson, Secretary of State for Air, M. Jean Moreau, the French Air Minister, paid a three-day visit to this country to see something of the exercise. He was accompanied by the Chief of the Air Staff, General Lecheres.

OUTLINING THE PLAN OF CAMPAIGN: Air Marshal Sir Basil Embry, Air Officer Commanding-in-Chief, Fighter Command, addressing the preliminary conference at Fighter Command Headquarters

IN THE PLOTTING ROOM AT NO. 11 GROUP HEADQUARTERS AT UXBRIDGE: Like a croupier at the gaming tables, Doreen Reading places the markers to show the current disposition of aircraft as the battle over Britain develops

A LINE-UP OF METEORS OF THE ROYAL NETHERLANDS AIR FORCE: Ground staff making a last inspection before the start of Operation Foil. This Dutch squadron has been helping to defend England from the airfield at Thorney. It is commanded by Major Fintelman, of the Royal Netherlands Air Force. The Dutch have speedily grasped Fighter Command's procedure



SUPERFORTS ON AN EAST ANGLIAN AIRFIELD: The giant American bombers waiting to go into action in Operation Foil on the airfield at Sculthorpe, Norfolk. Some of the Superforts attacked Heligoland on the first day of the exercise, and another small formation approaching London was intercepted by R.A.F. jet Vampires about twenty miles west of the capital. Air activity over London last Saturday night kept many people awake between 11.45 p.m. and 12.30 a.m.

The ROYAL VISIT to the CHANNEL ISLES

The Queen at the Royal Highland Show: Princess Margaret and the Folk Dancers: Queen Mary and Her Grandson: The Duchess of Kent at a Paris Ball

On June 28, 1940, the British Home Office announced that for strategic reasons the Channel Islands had been demilitarised and more than a quarter of the population evacuated to the British mainland. Nevertheless, Jersey and Guernsey were bombed and machine-gunned by the Germans before the occupation of Guernsey on June 30 and Jersey on July 1. During the German occupation the inhabitants suffered great hardships owing to food and fuel shortages, and the Dame of Sark, Sybil Mary Hathaway, was deported to a German concentration camp as a reprisal for offences by the islanders against the Germans. Eventually the Channel Islands were liberated in May 1945. As a tribute to the years of fortitude in the Channel Islands, Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh have just paid a three-day visit to the island group, calling at Jersey, Guernsey, Alderney and Sark. They made the crossing in H.M.S. *Anson*, and as these pictures show, they received a tumultuous reception. On Sark, where the Royal visitors came ashore in rough seas, they were warmly greeted by the population of a little more than 500, and after opening the new harbour they took lunch at the Seignurie with the Dame of Sark. The biggest event of the tour was a reception for 3,500 residents at St. Helier, Jersey

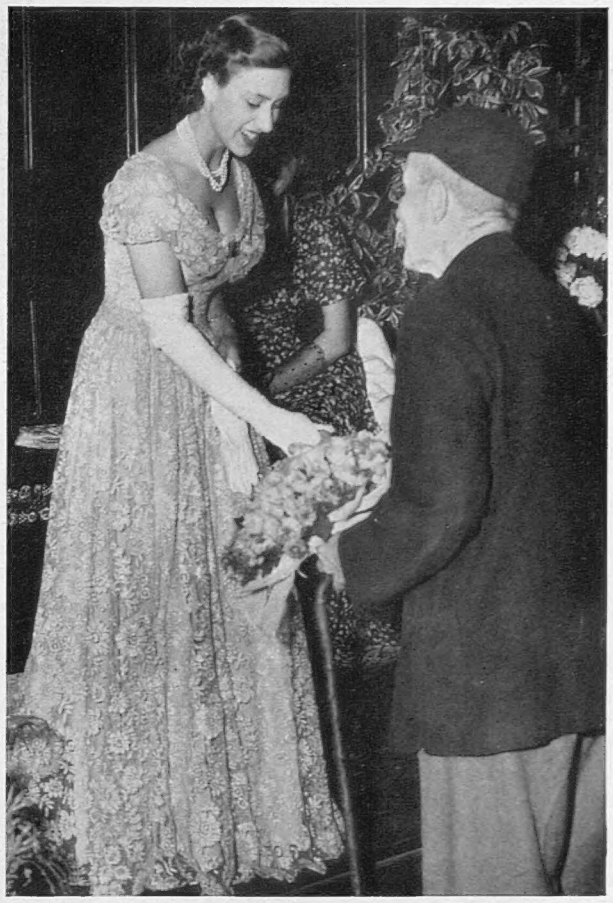
PRINCESS ELIZABETH AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH ACCLAIMED IN RO SQUARE, JERSEY: Their Royal Highnesses standing on a balcony acknowledge the greetings of the populace. This was on the second

IN MOTORLESS SARK—THE PRINCESS AND THE DUKE DRIVING FROM THE HARBOUR TO THE SEIGNURIE: The horse-drawn victoria represented the pick of the island's transport. While on the island the visitors took lunch with the Dame of Sark

PLANTING A CHESTNUT-TREE IN ROYAL CONNAUGHT SQUARE, ST. ANNE'S, ALDERNEY: The Princess watched by a large crowd at one of the official ceremonies on the first day of the Royal visit to the Channel Islands. In reply to the address of welcome from the people of Alderney, the Princess spoke of British sympathy during the war for the only part of the United Kingdom occupied by Germans

ON THE WINDSWEPT QUAY AT ST. HELIER: Princess Elizabeth with L Grasett, wife of the Governor. One of the big events of the visit Jersey was an open-air reception to 3,500 guests at the Howard Da Park. Princess Elizabeth, the Duke of Edinburgh and Mr. Ede, Home Secretary, were guests of the States at luncheon at St. H

THE QUEEN ATTENDS THE ROYAL HIGHLAND SHOW AT RIVERSIDE PARK, DUNDEE: Her Majesty inspecting a display of cut flowers exhibited by an Edinburgh firm. The Queen paid a four-and-a-half-hour visit to the show, and as a result of her attendance the total attendance figures soared to new records. There were 53,712 visitors on this second day, as compared with an attendance of 25,000 on the second day at Inverness last year. One of the big events on the programme was the parade of the massed pipes and drums of the Royal Scots, the Highland Light Infantry and the King's Own Scottish Borderers



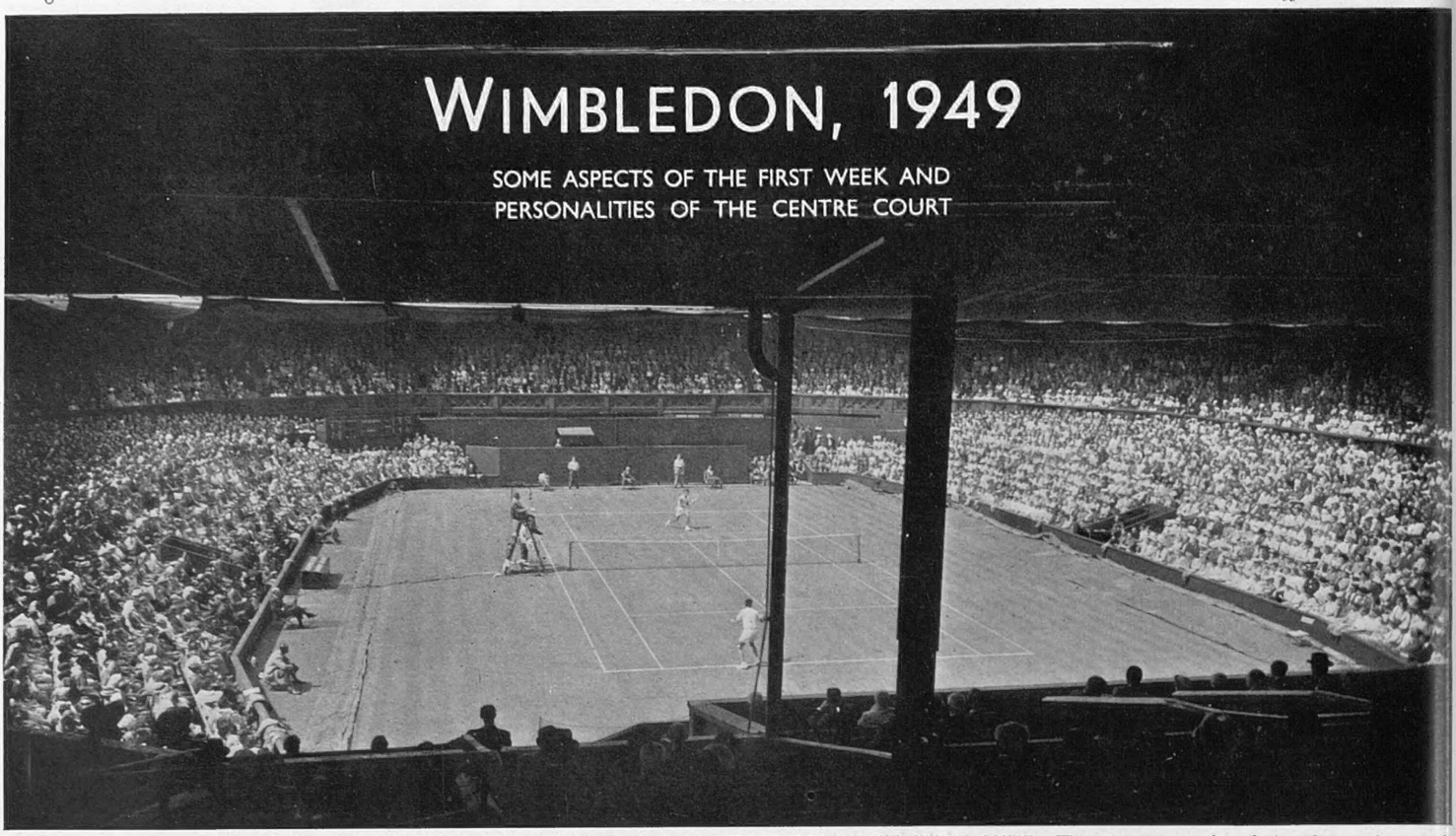
PRINCESS MARGARET AND THE MORRIS DANCER: Her Royal Highness receiving a bouquet from William Kimber, of Headington, Oxford, when she attended an evening display of Country Dancing given by the English Folk Dance and Song Society at Cecil Sharp House, Regent's Park Road, London. At fifty Mr. Kimber is still a keen and accomplished Morris dancer

THE DUCHESS OF KENT AT THE PRE-CATALAN BALL IN THE BOIS DE BOULOGNE: Her Royal Highness dancing with the British Naval Attaché in Paris, Captain C. D. Howard-Johnston, at the ball held in aid of the Hertford British Hospital. The tickets for the Ball were priced at 5,000 francs each (a little under £5 at current rates of exchange) and the guests were provided with champagne free of charge

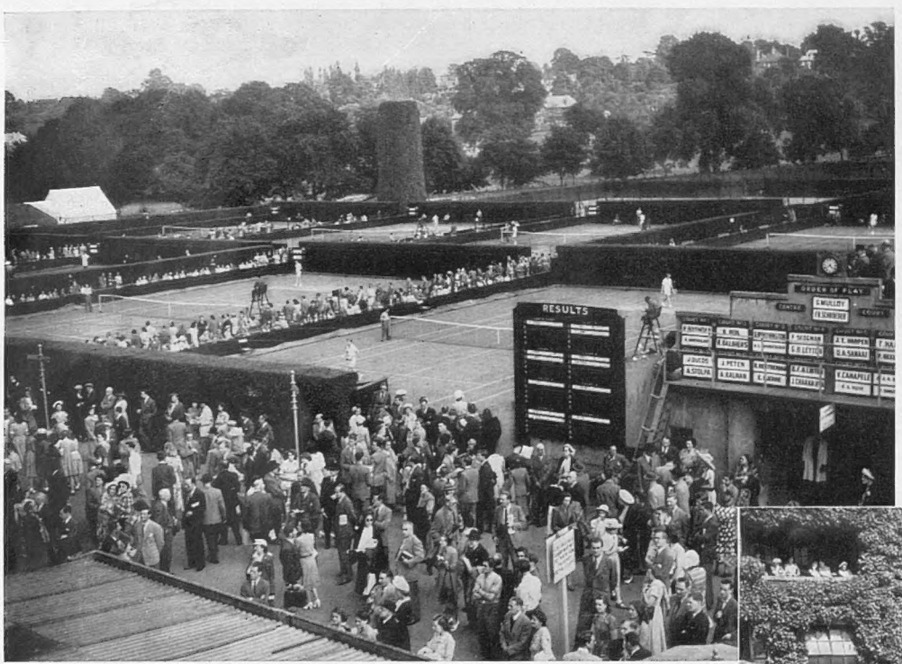
QUEEN MARY ATTENDS A SOUTH LONDON MUSIC FESTIVAL WITH HER GRANDSON: Her Majesty arriving at Southwark Cathedral accompanied by Lord Lascelles, the younger brother of the Earl of Harewood. They attended the concert organised by the Rural Music School's Association and introducing to London Britten's Cantata "St. Nicolas." Mr. Britten conducted his own work which, according to one critic, suffered because of "trains, sparrows and other extraneous sounds in the vicinity"

WIMBLEDON, 1949

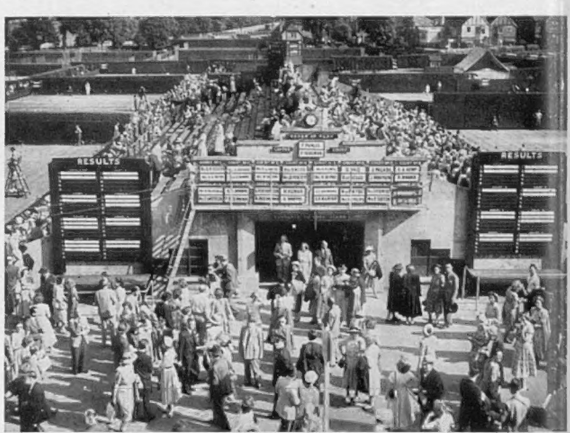
SOME ASPECTS OF THE FIRST WEEK AND PERSONALITIES OF THE CENTRE COURT



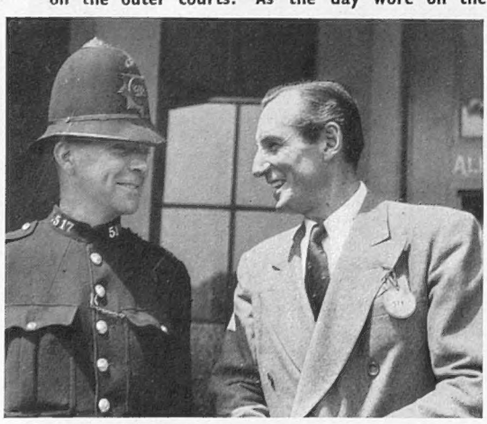
WIMBLEDON 1949 GETS OFF TO A BRILLIANT START WITH A FEAST OF HIGH-QUALITY SINGLES ON THE CENTRE COURT : This picture was taken during the opening match of the Championships as R. Falkenburg (U.S.A.), the champion of 1948, played D. Mitic (Yugoslavia). The American won by 6—2, 2—6, 8—6, 6—4, but Mitic's passing shots in the second set had Falkenburg in trouble. After that came a thrilling encounter between Mulloy and Schroeder, and the Americans served up lawn tennis that had all the aspect of a final



PLAY IN PROGRESS ON THE OUTER COURTS : While Mulloy and Schroeder were battling on the Centre Court there was the usual sprinkling of spectators on the outer courts. As the day wore on the gates had to be closed



THE NEW SCORE-BOARDS SITUATED BETWEEN COURTS 2 AND 3 : These boards have proved a great asset, showing each day's play in detail as the results come through



THE LAST ENGLISH WINNER OF THE SINGLES TITLE : Fred Perry chatting with a policeman, before entering the Centre Court to see the first day's play. Perry helped to coach our Davis Cup team this year, but many people were of the opinion that he received the invitation too late

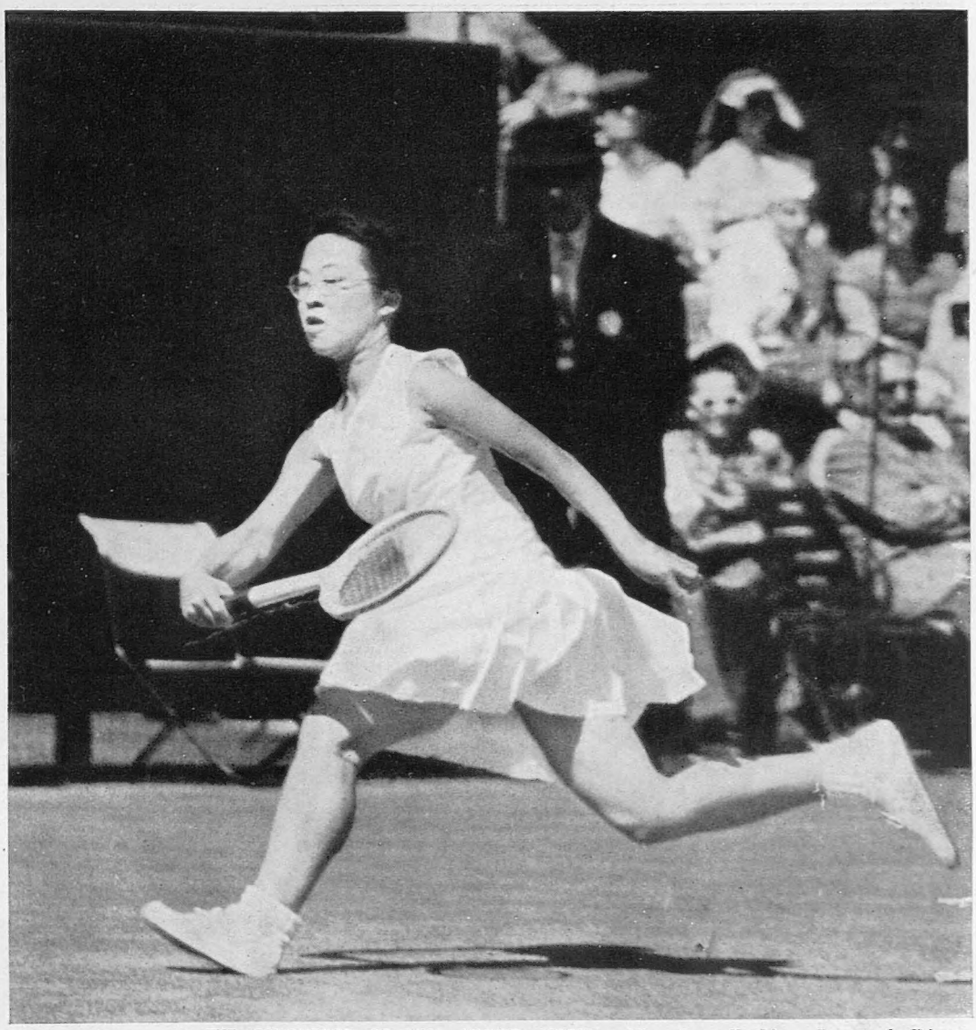
Wimbledon has never opened more brilliantly than in this summer of 1949, and public interest has never been greater, as witness the record first-day attendance of 25,000. The Cochets, Lacostes, Borotras, Perrys, Crawfords and Von Cramms of other days may no longer be a force, but new names have surely come to take their place, and new and no less colourful personalities, notably America's Miss Moran ("Gorgeous Gussie" to all) and the ebullient Falkenburg, champion of 1948. In this special five-page section of THE SPHERE are shown some of the events and the outstanding personalities of the first week of the tournament, and in next week's issue the tournament's climax will be fully illustrated.

TEA AND CAKES BENEATH THE UMBRELLAS OUTSIDE THE SOUTH-WEST HALL : On this opening day Wimbledon's capacity was strained almost to the extent it usually is on finals day, and it was estimated at one time there were 18,000 people in the stands. Perfect weather turned the day into a fashion parade

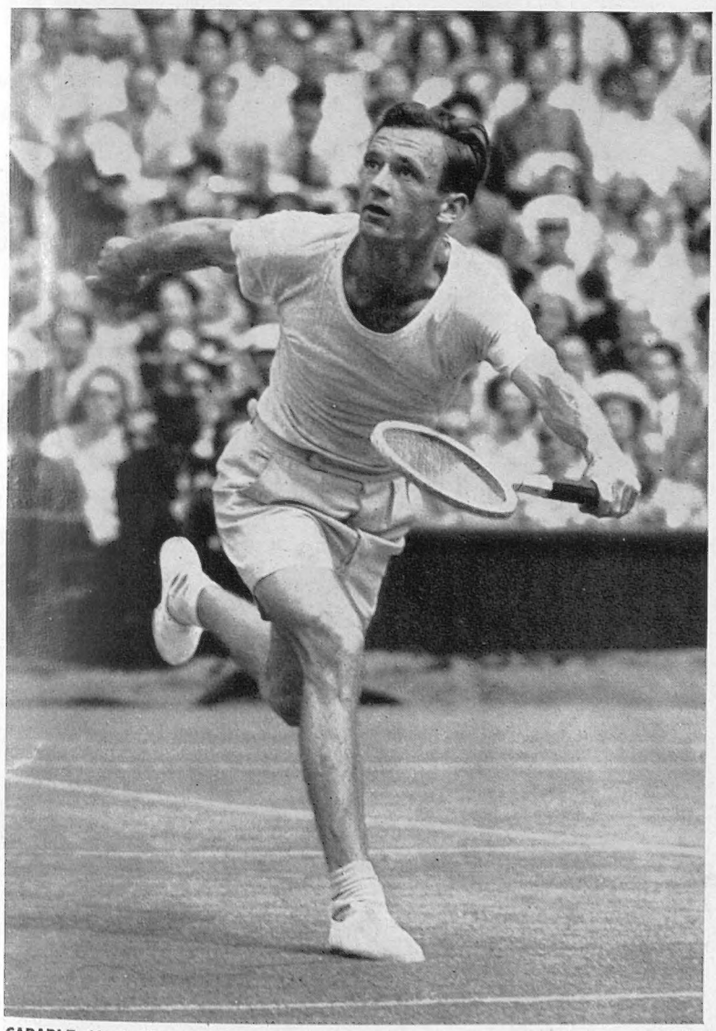
GEM THE GIANT-KILLER

And Two Australians Who Fought the American Challenge at Wimbledon

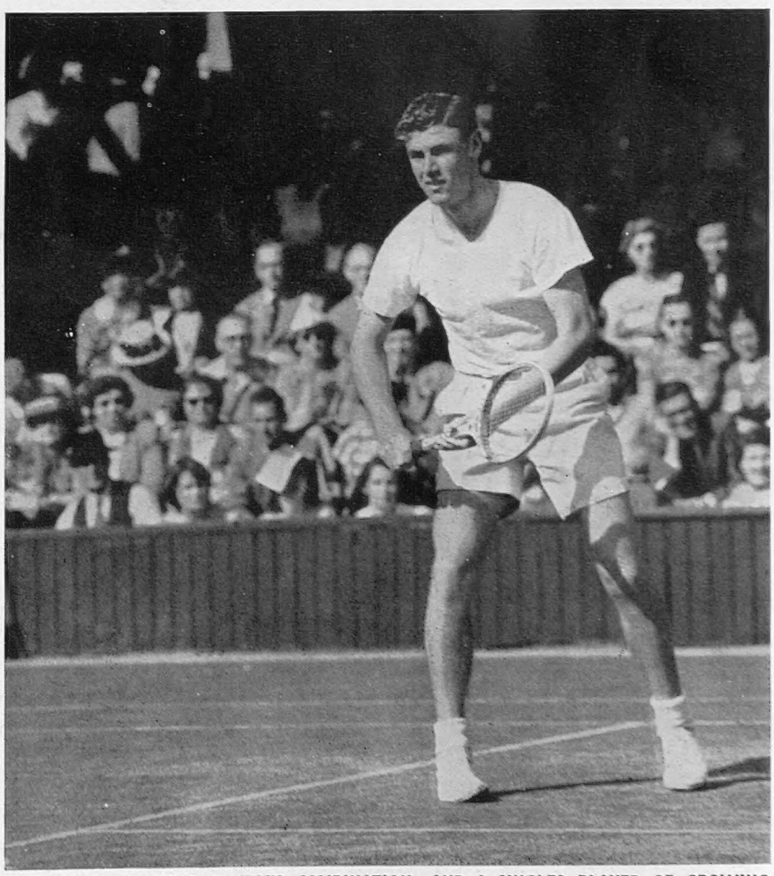
MRS. H. P. RIHBANY IN PLAY ON THE CENTRE COURT: The American defeated Miss Gannon in the third round of the Women's Singles, and so qualified to meet Miss Gem Hoahing, the conqueror of Miss Moran. Mrs. Rihbany defeated Miss Hoahing 6-4, 6-4, and thus "Gem the Giant-Killer" made her exit from the tournament only two days after creating a major sensation



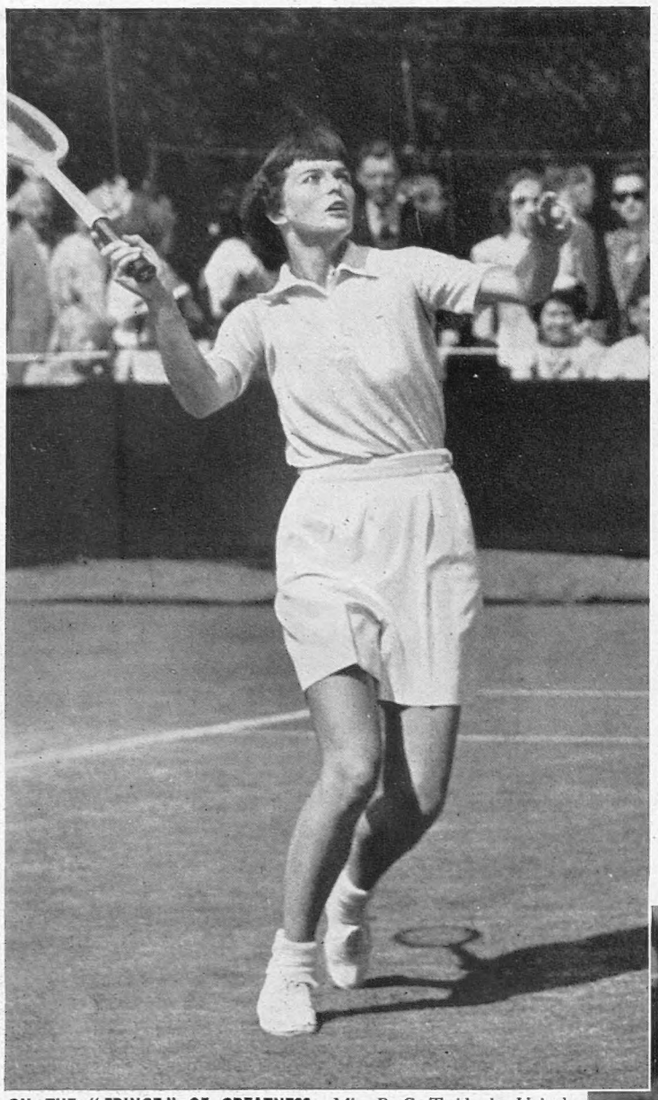
THE CONQUEROR OF MISS AUGUST MORAN: Miss Gem Hoahing (born of Chinese parents in Hong Kong, and therefore a British subject) in action against the American No. 4, whom she defeated in three sets. The tiny Gem, her feet twinkling as she scampered after Miss Moran's wide-hit shots, returned the ball with interest and frequently beat Miss Moran's advances to the net with well-timed passing shots. Miss Moran never faltered, playing with audacity, but the steadiness of Miss Hoahing's game clinched the issue in the third set



CAPABLE OF A TREMENDOUS ATTACKING GAME: Geoff Brown, of Australia, who defeated Gonzales, the American Champion, to bring himself into the last eight at Wimbledon, where he was beaten by Drobny, the equally hard-hitting Czech. Almost unconsidered three years ago, Brown was a finalist at Wimbledon, eventually falling to Yvon Petra, of France. Brown was not even seeded this year at Wimbledon, and until he reached the last eight his name seldom appeared in the headlines



PARTNER IN A GREAT DOUBLES COMBINATION, AND A SINGLES PLAYER OF GROWING POWER: Frank Sedgman, of Australia, fought his way into the last eight without forfeiting a set, and then he had to meet Ted Schroeder, of the United States. Sedgman was the winner of the Men's Doubles in 1948 with his compatriot Bromwich, and they provided some of the brightest entertainment in the whole tournament. Sedgman's defeat of Washer, of Belgium, in three sets in the fourth round of the singles last week was a notable piece of match play



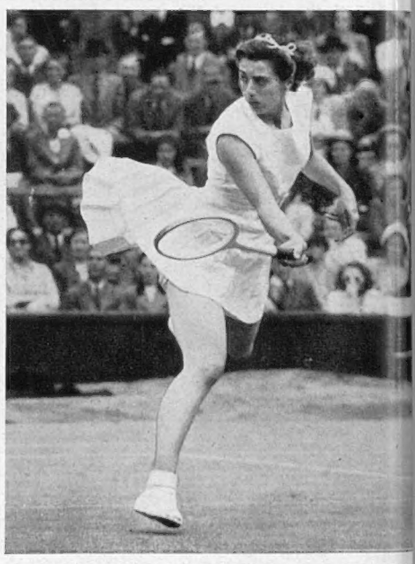
ON THE "FRINGE" OF GREATNESS: Miss P. C. Todd, the United States player, has been outshone in the past by her compatriots Miss Brough, Mrs. Dupont and Miss Hart. Last year she was runner-up in the Ladies' Doubles at Wimbledon with Miss Hart

THE CHAMPION IN ACTION: Miss L. Brough, who triumphed at Wimbledon in 1948, beati Miss Hart in two sets in the Singles and also carrying off the Doubles and Mix Doubles, seen taking a ball during her opening match on the Centre Court in 19

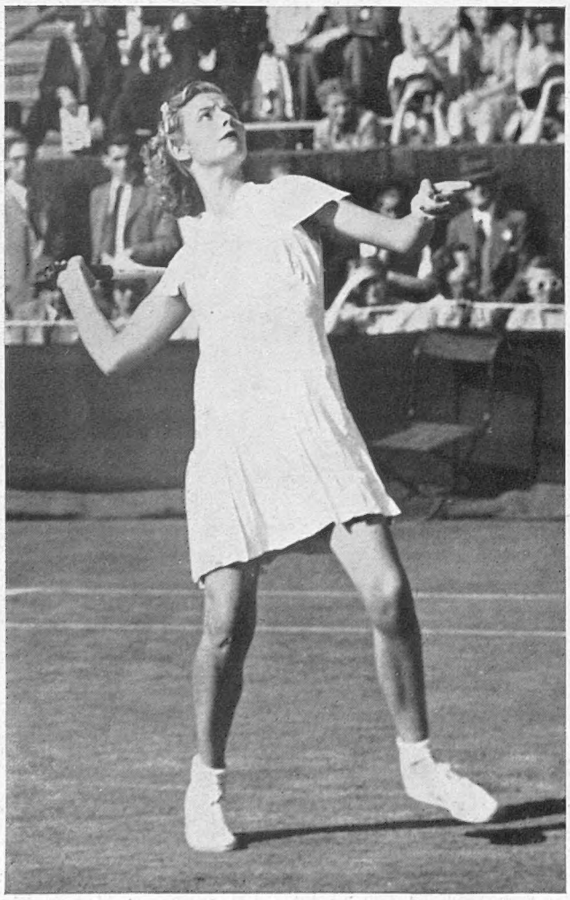
A WIMBLEDON GALLERY

SOME LEADING PERSONALITIES IN THE CHAMPIONSHIPS OF 19

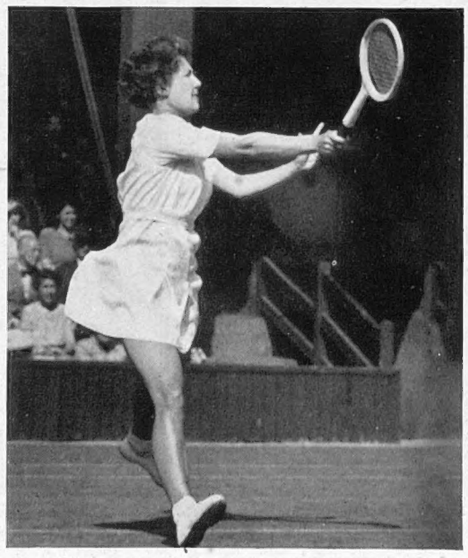
SOUTH AFRICAN CHAMPION: Mrs. S. Summers, who won her national title in 1948, is the soul of consistency, but is just outclassed by the leading Americans



A BRITISH HOPE WHO MADE AN EARLY EXI Miss Jean Quertier, one of the seeded eight in Singles, was beaten by her compatriot, Mrs. S



JOY GANNON VOLLEYS: This twenty-year-old player, who made her Wimbledon debut in 1948, taking a set off Doris Hart, has a brilliant future in international tennis. She has a capacity to draw the crowds, and her first match this year had a bumper audience



MRS. HILTON MAKES A FIRM RETURN ON THE FOREHAND: In Women's Doubles she is a force to reckon with, and with Miss Gannon was a finalist against Miss Todd and Miss Moran at Queen's Club

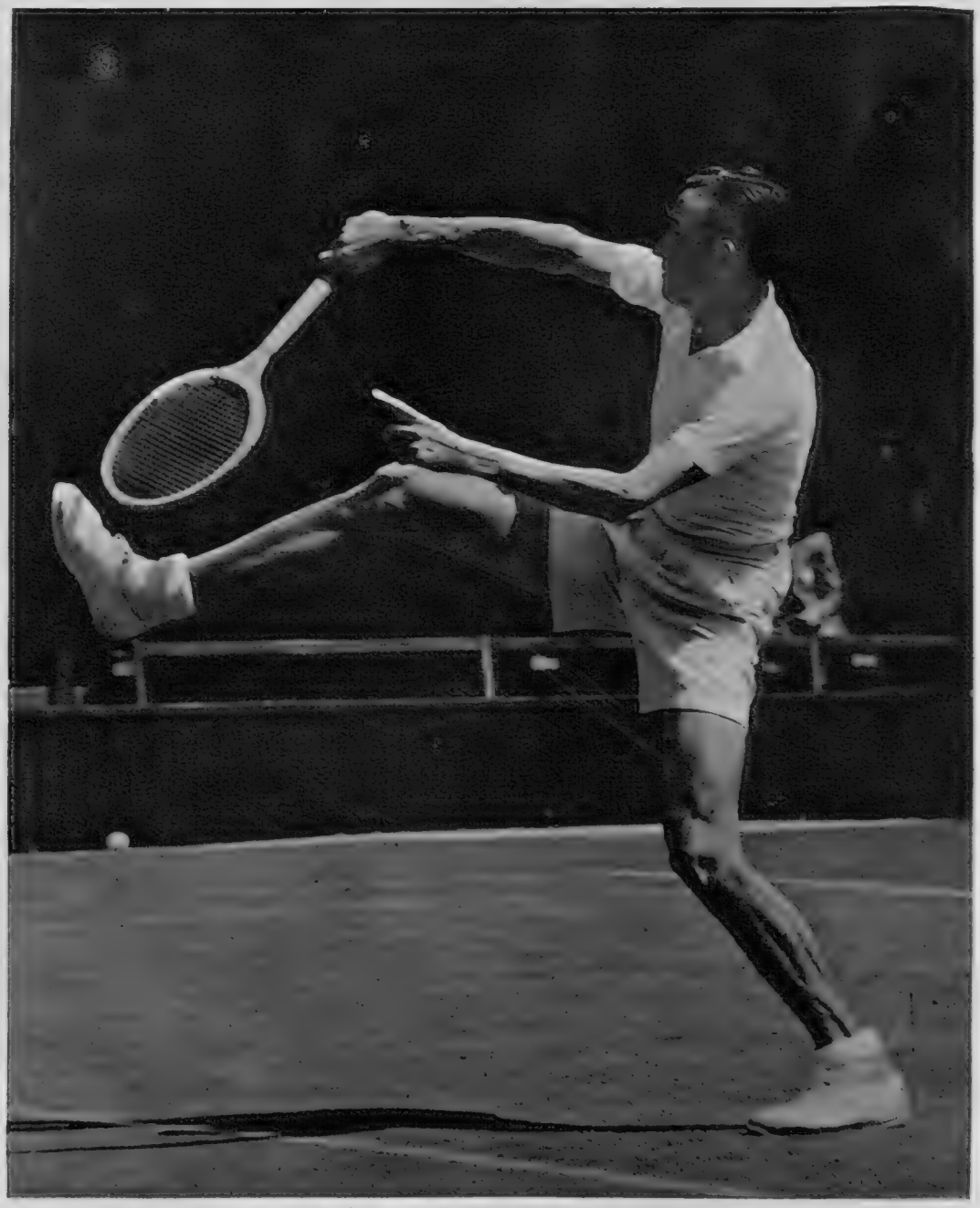
A RUGGED INDIVIDUALIST FROM GAUL: Mrs. Adamson, of France, playing one of her open matches at Wimbledon. Mrs. Adamson was of the eight seeded players in the Women's Sing

THE CHAMPION OF 1948 : The American Bob Falkenburg, whose narrow defeat of Bromwich last year in five sets was the big surprise of the tournament. Falkenburg is said to be one of the few Americans with no ideas about turning professional

SEEKING FALKENBURG'S CROWN : F. R. Schroeder, who had a resounding success at Queen's Club, but in his bid for the Wimbledon title of 1949 very nearly succumbed to the unseeded Mulloy in the first round. Schroeder is a really great match player

RANKED NO. 1 IN 1948, HE CAME TO WIMBLEDON IN 1949 WITH A FADING REPUTATION : Frank Parker has an easy stride, and the lawn tennis which won him the French Championships in 1948 would make him hard to beat at any time

HE HAS BEATEN NEARLY EVERY GREAT PLAYER IN THE GAME : Drobny, of Czechoslovakia, is perhaps the most formidable of all the European players. His tendency towards inconsistency has hitherto robbed him of the highest honours



ERIC STURGESS, THE SOUTH AFRICAN CHAMPION, IN A SPECTACULAR POSE : He had to play some of his best and widest passing shots to survive the first round, coming up against T. Johannson, the Swede, who, it may be remembered, gave Kramer such a fright in 1947. Sturgess lobs brilliantly, and then comes in to the attack on the return ball. He is a first-rate doubles player. He holds the South African Doubles title in partnership with Fannin

GERTRUDE MORAN MAKES HER FIRST WIMBLEDON APPEARANCE: "Gorgeous Gussie," as she is popularly known, on Court No. 2, where she played Mrs. G. Walter. She survived after facing a determined attack from the English player

WIMBLEDON, 1949

"Gorgeous Gussie" in Action

ARRIVING FOR HER FIRST MATCH AT WIMBLEDON: Miss Gertrude August Moran and Miss Pat Todd before facing the ordeal of the Wimbledon arena. Miss Moran is 5 ft. 11 in. in height

"GORGEOUS GUSSIE" MAKES A RETURN FROM THE BASE LINE: Miss Moran in play against Mrs. Walter in her opening match on a crowded Court No. 2. Miss Moran began uncertainly, evidently suffering from Wimbledon nerves, but finished confidently, winning 3—6, 6—2, 6—3. In the doubles she has taken Doris Hart's place as Pat Todd's partner

STUDIES IN BASE-LINE CONCENTRATION: Miss Moran during her match with Mrs. Walter, which proved a stern test for the American newcomer. The Englishwoman volleyed splendidly to take the first set, but thereafter the American recovered her confidence and her hitting power

All eyes were on America's "Gorgeous Gussie" Moran when she made her bow on a thronged Court No. 2. "Gussie" wore boy's linen shorts, a severely tailored woollen shirt with a navy pocket, and a red ribbon in her hair. There was on this occasion no trace of her much-discussed tennis outfit with the lace-frilled pants. Before this opening match Miss Moran posed against the net for photographers, a rare event on an outer court, and then, after facing the batteries of the Press, found herself up against an equally determined attack from Mrs. G. Walter. When Miss Moran emerged triumphant but obviously tired after her narrow victory, she declared: "I am so relieved I won. Mrs. Walter was very good." On the third day Miss Moran polished off her second opponent in thirty minutes. Miss Moran has been in her career a Hollywood extra, and a tennis journalist. To-day she is a dress designer by profession.

TRIPOLI'S FATE in the BALANCE

The Future of the Former Italian Colony to be Reconsidered in the Autumn

THE CITY OF TRIPOLI AND ITS WIDE-SWEEPING BAY: In the foreground on the right is the Arab quarter and, in the middle distance, is the new city, which arose largely during the time of Mussolini, and was built by Arab labour under conditions of great severity. The Arabs are naturally embittered at the thought that Tripoli may return to Italian control, and if the decision of the United Nations goes in favour of Italy next autumn, it is certain that there will be trouble in the territory

The Arabs of Tripoli are demanding that the British Foreign Office domination of the former Italian colony shall continue for another ten years. They dread the thought of a return to Italy, and they resent the Bevin-Sforza agreement on the question, which narrowly failed to gain the necessary two-thirds majority in the plenary session of the General Assembly of the United Nations, and which will again come up for consideration in the autumn. It will be then that Mr. Blackley, the present British Administrator, may have to face his hardest task to date. He is noted for his handling of Arab chiefs, but it may take more than personal ability to negotiate to prevent trouble in the territory if the decision goes wholly in favour of Italy. The Arabs say that under British rule they have learnt many lessons in democracy.

IN THE GROUNDS OF THE VIA VOLPI, RESIDENCE OF THE CHIEF ADMINISTRATOR: Mr. Blackley (right), Chief Administrator of the former Italian colony of Tripolitania, with his Commissioner of Police, Colonel Saunders

THE NEW CITY OF TRIPOLI BUILT DURING THE YEARS OF ITALIAN DOMINATION: It is a city of cool, well-built houses, shady streets lined with palm-trees, and handsome administrative offices. The amount of sweated labour that went into its construction caused the utmost bitterness between the Arabs and their Italian masters. It was in 1911 that Italy took Tripolitania from the Turks, and the Italians remained in control until the Eighth Army arrived in 1943. Since then this extensive North African territory has been under military and Foreign Office domination

THE ROYAL AIR FORCE IN TRIPOLI: Air Vice-Marshal C. R. Steel (right), who controls the Castel Benito airstrip in Tripoli from his Malta H.Q., seen with Group Captain Satchell (left), the Station Officer at Castel Benito, and Flt. Lieut. O'Toole (second from right), who is the Station Adjutant

THE BIG FOUR AGREE UPON A MODUS VIVENDI IN BERLIN: Mr. Ernest Bevin (left) and Mr. Andrei Vishinsky (right) laughing with their advisers during the final session at the Pink Palace in Paris of the Council of Foreign Ministers. After the Conference had broken up, the Russian Foreign Minister had a disturbing afterthought regarding one or two items agreed upon, and the Ministers, on the verge of departure from Paris, hastily forgathered. Mr. Vishinsky presented no insurmountable stumbling-blocks on this occasion, and the Conference ended on a faintly optimistic note. It was obvious that the support Mr. Bevin had received at Blackpool had strengthened his hand at the Paris meeting. Mr. Bevin and M. Schuman, it was also noted, found it easier to negotiate with Mr. Vishinsky than did Mr. Acheson, the U.S. Secretary of State

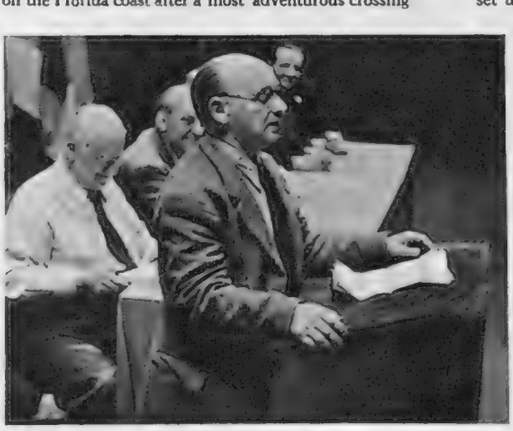
WAY OF THE WORLD

A SURVEY OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS

MORE REFUGEES FROM BALTIC EUROPE: These fugitives from Estonia and Latvia, seen aboard the ex-German trawler "Skagen" in Cobh harbour, Southern Ireland, belong to a party of eighty-four which escaped to Sweden and pooled resources to buy the "Skagen." The party, including twenty women and twenty-five children, has been provisioning at Cork before setting out on the Atlantic crossing. They are hoping to settle in the Newfoundland province of Canada. The refugees prefer their names to be kept secret as they fear Soviet reprisals against relatives at home. During the past two years several other parties from the Baltic States have made similar journeys, and one was wrecked off the Florida coast after a most adventurous crossing

BERLIN YOUTH HOLD A PROTEST RALLY: Members of you organisations in the Western Sectors meet to denou the persecution of nine members of the "Die Falke in the Soviet Sector of the city. It appears that the ni members had been arrested by the Markgraf police and had be tried in the Soviet Sector for distributing the British-licensed new paper *Telegraf*. Seven were acquitted and two received sentenc The chairman of the "Die Falken" youth organisation was le set upon by communists, beaten and then taken to a police-stati

THE WEDDING OF "LILI MARLENE": Lale Andersen, wartime broadcaster who became famous with her daily singing of "Lili Marlene," was married in June to the Swiss composer Arthur Beul, and they are here seen after the ceremony at Zolliron, near Zurich. Lale's song, intended originally as a morale booster for German troops, later became one of the favourite songs of the Eighth Army



GERHART EISLER SPEAKS IN BERLIN: The man whom the Americans called their No. 1 Communist and whom Britain would not extradite to New York, finds a haven in Germany. Eisler is seen speaking at the Frederickstadt Palace, and seated behind him is Wilhelm Pieck, the German Communist leader. Eisler's wife has just been deported from the United States

GLORIA SWANSON RETURNS TO FILMS: Accompani by her seventeen-year-old daughter Mitchele Bri Farmer, the star of silent days and early talking pictu makes up for her role in the new Paramount pict *Sunset Boulevard*. Gloria Swanson (who was born 1899 in Chicago) was at the height of her success in '20's. Her early films included *Bluebeard's Eighth*

THE LEICESTERS MARCH THROUGH HONG KONG: Men of the 1st Battalion swinging along Kowloon Street on arrival in the Crown Colony to reinforce the British garrison. The Leicesters form part of a large military draft which sailed from Southampton last month and includes one armoured unit. Warships and fighter aircraft have also been sent to Hong Kong, the fighters operating from the Kaitak airfield. In June, Mr. Alexander, the Minister of Defence, and Service chiefs forgathered in Hong Kong in order to discuss the Colony's defence in detail. *En route* Mr. Alexander stopped at Saigon, Indo-China, where he met the Commanders of the French Army and Air Force, who have been in conflict for three years with Viet-Nam

A KING FOR CYRENAICA? The Emir Sayyed Idris El Senussi, knighted by the British Government for loyalty during the war, has been recognised as head of the British-sponsored Cyrenaican Government with responsibility over internal affairs, and it is possible that he will be proclaimed King of Cyrenaica. It is also possible that Libya's Arab population will seek to make him ruler over all the former Italian colonies in North Africa. In this connection everything will depend on a United Nations decision at the Fourth Session of the General Assembly, to be held in the autumn

CAUGHT UP IN THE NATIONALIST DEBACLE AT SHANGHAI: Some of the hundreds of utilities, trucks and other vehicles which were set on fire by the retreating Nationalists when they found that they were unable to get them on board ships at Woosung, which had come under Communist gun-fire. The Woosung road for miles now presents a spectacle such as this

TROUBLE BREWING FOR THE K.K.K.: Dr. Samuel Green, Grand Dragon of the Ku-Klux-Klan, greeting a young member at initiation ceremonies on Stone Mountain, Atlanta. The United States Congress is to investigate the Klan, particularly the recent flogging of men and women who have been dragged to places of torture in the woods by night raiders in white hoods. Already in Alabama's Parliament the Senate has passed a law to prevent the wearing of hoods or masks in public, and last week the Lower House gave a first reading to the same legislation

A GLASGOW SHIP HOLED IN NEW ZEALAND: This gaping hole in the side of the 7,152-ton freighter "Broompark," owned by Denham and Co., of Glasgow, was made in a collision in Auckland harbour with the Union Steamship Company's "Komata," a vessel of 3,543 tons. Although holed below the water-line, the "Broompark" appeared to be in no danger

THE START OF AN OCEAN YACHT RACE: The 72-ft. yawl "Baruna" leading the way as the first of three groups of sailing-craft embarked on the 460-mile race from Newport, Rhode Island, down the American coast to Annapolis. The "Baruna," a past winner of the ocean race to Bermuda, is owned by Mr. H. C. Taylor, of New York. In the centre is the yawl "Argyl," and on the right the yawl "Caribee." In the background is the Brenton's Reef Lightship

STEAM GUSHES FROM THE BOILERS OF THE SINKING "PRINSES ASTRID": This picture was taken a few minutes after the Belgian cross-Channel steamer had hit a mine off Dunkirk while on her way from Ostend to Dover. She sank in an hour-and-a-half. Passengers are seen behind the haze of steam standing by with their life-jackets already donned

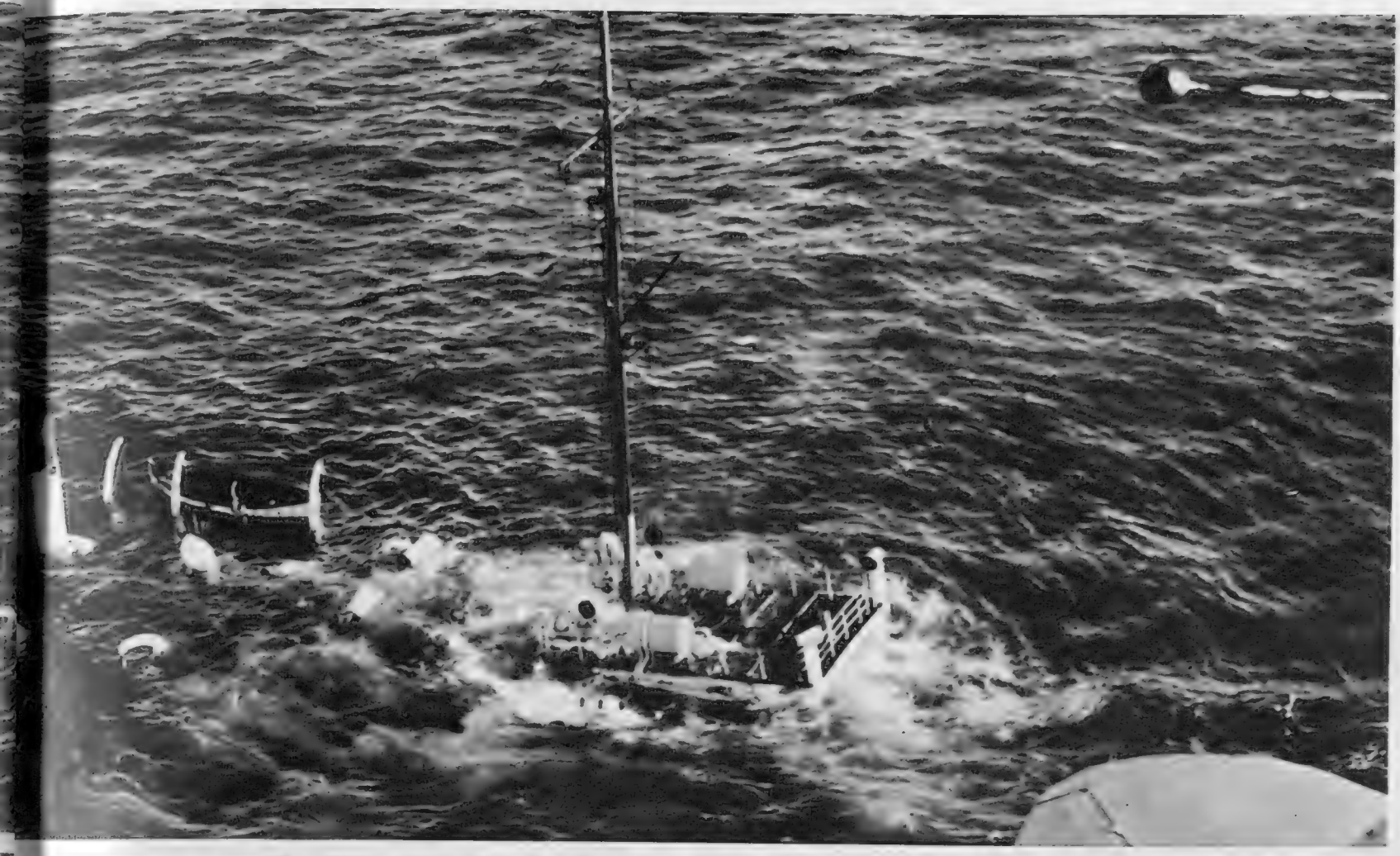
PASSENGERS ADJUST THEIR LIFE-JACKETS AND PREPARE TO TAKE TO THE BOATS: All the passengers were saved, but five members of the engine-room crew lost their lives

A MOMENT THEY WILL NEVER FORGET: Passengers in the *Prinses Astrid* waiting to be taken off in a French freighter and in the tugs which came out to the rescue from Dunkirk

A DUNKIRK TUG TAKES OFF SOME OF THE SURVIVORS: By the time this rescue was effected the *Prinses Astrid* had a heavy list, and in a very few minutes more she had sunk

AN OFFICER GOES ABOARD A LIFEBOAT TO TAKE CHARGE AS IT IS LOWERED AWAY WITH WOMEN AND CHILDREN: As this picture shows, there was no panic. The 218 passengers awaited their turn, responding to all orders

AT THE MERCY OF THE CHANNEL TIDES AND CROSS-CURRENTS: An aerial view of the "Prinses Astrid," only part of her superstructure still above the water. Marine underwriters have declared salvage is unlikely, and that the "Prinses Astrid" will break up in a comparatively short



THE "PRINSES ASTRID" LIES AMONG THE SANDBANKS THREE MILES WEST-NORTH-WEST OF DUNKIRK: The cross-Channel vessel with only her masts, funnels and superstructure awash an hour-and-a-half after the mine explosion. One boat, which was not got away, is seen still dangling from the davits. This twin-screw steamer of 2,950 tons was built in 1930 at Hoboken for the Belgian Government

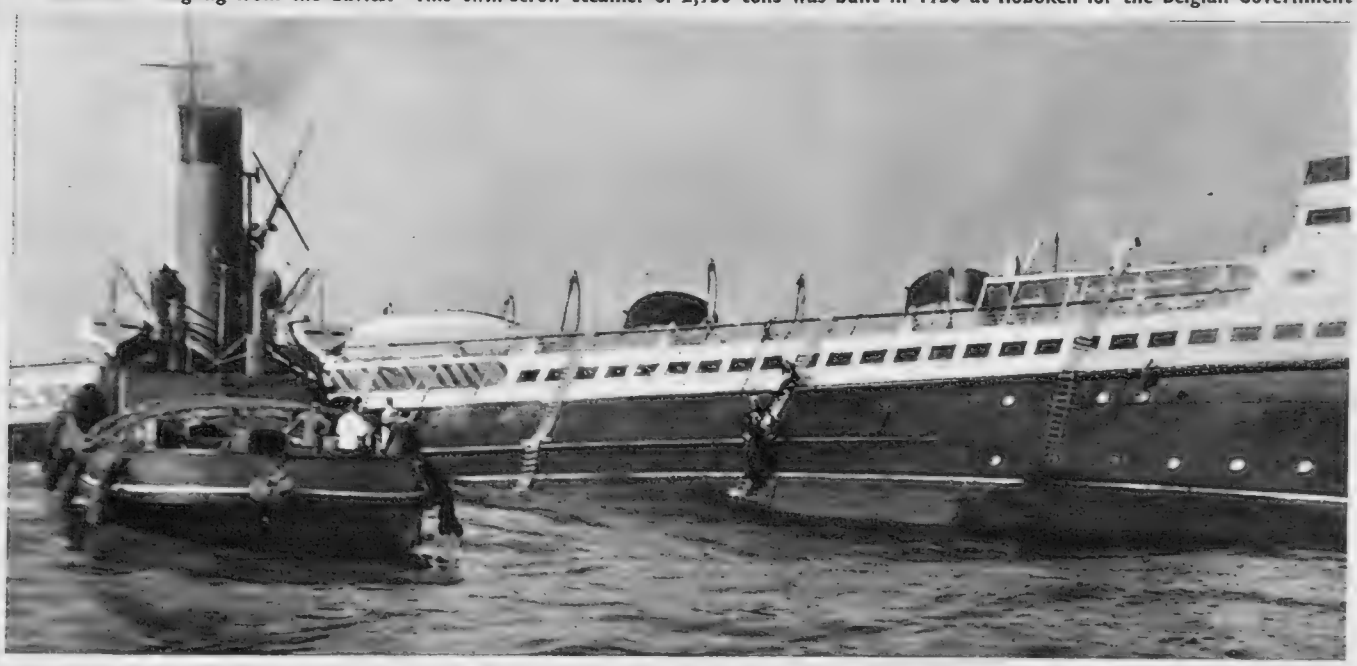
The "PRINSES ASTRID" SUNK by a MINE

The Belgian Cross-Channel Steamer Disaster

Dunkirk and Ostend harbours have long since been cleared of wrecks. The English Channel has been swept again and again, and ferry-boats ply daily and nightly across the narrow stretch of water. Suddenly, in calm sunny weather, as the cross-Channel steamer *Prinses Astrid* rounded Loon Plage and was near the Snouw Bank, three miles from Dunkirk Coastguard Station, she struck a mine. Many passengers were flung to the decks, and five of the crew trapped below the water-line lost their lives. The radio officer of the *Prinses Astrid* sent out an S O S, which was answered immediately by the French cargo vessel *Cape Hadid*, of 1,730 tons, and before long tugs and other vessels from Dunkirk were also racing to the rescue.

Most of the passengers were British holiday-makers returning to England. As the vessel listed heavily they were taken off, perfect calm prevailing during the operation, and returned to Dunkirk, where they were given hot food and drinks. In the evening 205 of the passengers embarked on the British car ferry at Dunkirk and sailed for Dover.

An attempt was made by the captain to have the *Prinses Astrid* towed on to a nearby sandbank, but the vessel sank before the manœuvre could be completed.



AS THE LAST RESCUES WERE EFFECTED: One of the Dunkirk tugs is seen about to go alongside to take off the officers who were waiting on the ladder amidships. One of the last to leave the ship was Mr. James Robertson Hendry, a Trinity House pilot, who was on a return journey to Dover. His cool behaviour was of the utmost help to the captain in the crisis, and the captain has commended him to the Belgian Government. Mr. Hendry broke his leg when crossing from the "Prinses Astrid" to the last tug

A LIFEBOAT PULLS AWAY FROM THE SIDE OF THE "PRINSES ASTRID": In the stern can be seen a mother and child

LIFE-RAFTS WERE SCATTERED THROUGHOUT THE AREA: These were put overboard by the crew of the "Prinses Astrid"

WITH THE R.A.F. AT BISLEY

A Record Entry in the 23rd Annual Shooting Championship

The R.A.F. took possession of Bisley Camp for one week to stage the twenty-third annual Championship meeting of the R.A.F. Small Arms Association. There was a record entry of 1,500 competitors, among whom members of the W.R.A.F. were included for the first time. When the Association held its first championship meeting in 1921 it was only able to attract fifty competitors. This year, apart from thirty-six cups and challenge shields, there were 224 cash prizes. The prize list was the longest in the history of Bisley.

Shooting took place on the Century Range, the 1,000-yards range and on the revolver ranges: 700 tents and 25 marquees were erected to accommodate the competitors. These pictures, taken by Diana Waring, not only show the actual shooting in progress, but aspects of the busy life of the camp during the R.A.F. "occupation."

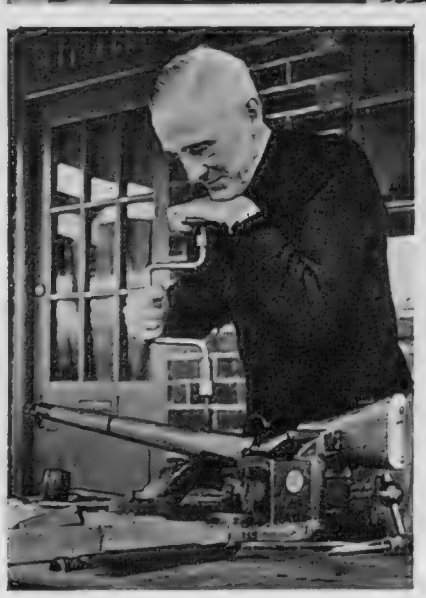
The highlight of the meeting was the competition for the Rothermere Trophy, presented by the late Lord Rothermere to commemorate his appointment as the first Air Minister. Prizes were presented by Lord Tedder, the Chief of Air Staff.

THE NOTICE-BOARDS, FOCAL POINT OF INFORMATION DURING THE R.A.F.'S CHAMPIONSHIP WEEK AT BISLEY: Six large-size notice-boards provided an hour-by-hour service for the 1,500 competitors, keeping them posted with the latest scores. This was the twenty-third meeting of the R.A.F. Small Arms Association, which has produced some of the finest shots in the country, and has contributed more than one marksman to Olympic and other international events

A TOUCH OF THE WILD WEST: Air Vice-Marshal W. E. Staton, C.B., D.S.O., M.C., D.F.C., Chairman of the R.A.F. Small Arms Association, is Air Officer-in-Charge of Administration at Headquarters Technical Training Command. He travelled from his H.Q. in Huntingdon in a caravan and lived in it during Bisley week. He is one of the finest revolver shots in the country and represented Great Britain in last year's Olympic Games. He is seen above sporting one of his famous sombreros as he cleans his revolver on the steps of his caravan

WOMEN PLAY THEIR PART: Flight-sergeant Lightfoot and Sergeant Holms taking aim on the ranges. This was the first year in which members of the Women's Royal Air Force were allowed to compete in the championships

QUEUEING UP AT THE "PAY BOX": Airmen waiting to buy their tickets to take part in the daily sweepstake shoot. The entrance fee was 1s., part of which went in prize money and part towards the expenses of the meeting



THREE BISLEY PERSONALITIES: Squadron-Leader C. C. Willott, champion shot of the Royal Air Force, who put up a new record on the revolver range, seen with Air Vice-Marshal F. C. Halahan, Life President of the Association and previously its Chairman for twenty-seven years, and Squadron-Leader C. J. Collins, the Secretary

"SPUD BASHING" AT THE COOKHOUSE DOOR: The camp was organised under semi-active service conditions and the R.A.F. brought over 1,000 tons of equipment to the site. *On left*—Mr. R. J. Collins, the official armourer, engaged in repairing a rifle at Bisley

A SCHOOL FOR MOUNTAINEERS

A Ministry of Education Course in the Lake District

MEMBERS OF THE MINISTRY OF EDUCATION, LAKE DISTRICT MOUNTAINEERING COURSE, CLIMBING UP THE SHEER ABBEY BUTTRESS : The school has been started in order to give experienced fell walkers the necessary instruction in the intricacies of rock climbing, so that they, in turn, can conduct expeditions of the ever-increasing number of would-be mountaineers

A SCHOOLMASTER MAKES HIS FIRST ROCK-CLIMBING ASCENT UNDER THE GUIDANCE OF A VETERAN CLIMBER : Mr. Jack Fawcett, a master at Crofton School, near Carlisle, receives his practical instruction in the art of mountaineering from Mr. Charlie Wilson

BEFORE THE ACTUAL CLIMB—MEMBERS OF THE MOUNTAINEERING PARTY REMOVE THEIR HEAVY BOOTS AND DON THEIR RUBBERS : The rubber shoes give greater grip on the rock sections, excepting during wet weather

In the English Lake District, and in the Scottish highlands, organisations have been indefatigable in their endeavours to make possible safer mountain climbing. In the immediate past there have been too many tragedies due to inexperience.

In 1948 the British Mountaineering Council organised, through the Central Council for Physical Recreation, a demonstration of a system of abseiling, a safe means of descent using a doubled rope if iced or dangerous rock should be encountered. This method was demonstrated in the Lake District. Also in the Lake District, quite recently, a school of mountaineering, sponsored by the Ministry of Education, finished its first course. The students were youth leaders, schoolmasters and training college lecturers. The aim of this new scheme is to give experienced fell walkers an introduction to rock climbing so that they, in turn, can conduct other would-be mountaineers. During the first course, in the Lake District, nine men were chosen for a five-day expedition of climbing on Great Gable (2,949 ft.) and Scafell Pike (3,210 ft.). The students paid their own hostel and subsistence charges for five days, and also found their own climbing equipment

TOWARDS THE CLOSE OF DAY—STUDENTS RETURNING FROM A CLIMB : They are seen as they scree-run down the mountainside. A scree is an area of small rocks in the mountainside, down which the men half-walk, half-slide, each step taking them about five yards

SURVEYING THE ROCKY PEAKS OF THE LAKE DISTRICT FROM THE PINNACLE OF NAPES NEEDLE : Mr. David Bryson, of Birmingham, triumphantly reaches his objective at the mountaineering school. Two of his fellow students, who are roped to him, can be seen at varying distances from the summit

LOOKING DOWN UPON THE WILDERNESS OF THE TIERGARTEN : This new aerial view, taken during air-lift operations, shows the River Spree running past the ruined Reichstag building and the vast allotment area in what was once Berlin's most attractive park. In the background, on the right, can be seen the Red Army Memorial

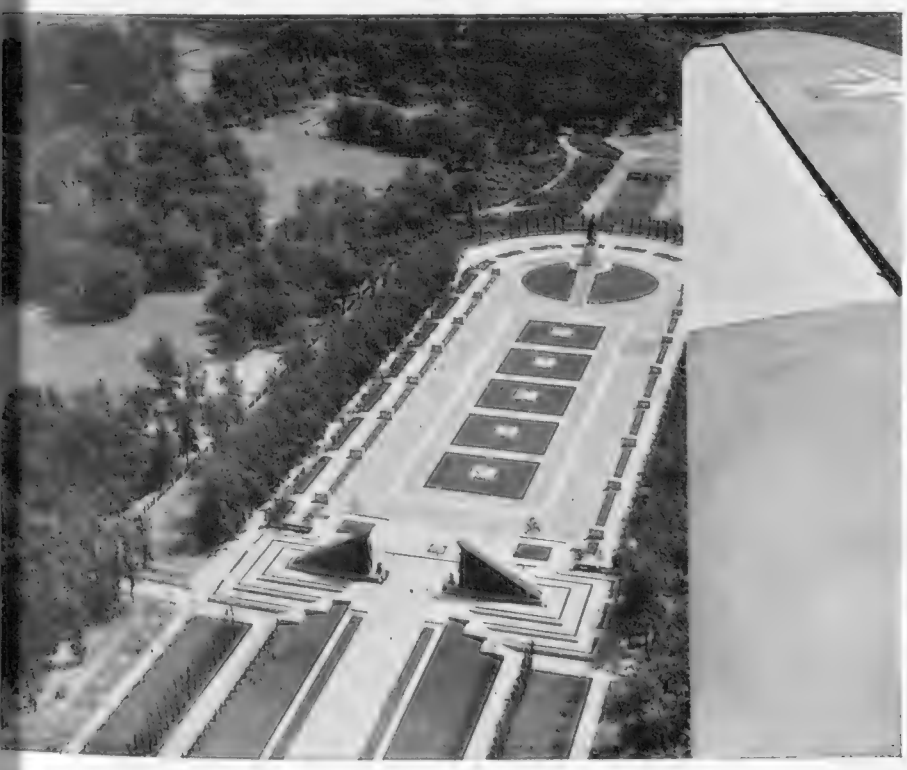
THREE-POWER CORNER ON THE POTSDAMERPLATZ : Here the British, United States and Russian Sectors meet, and as such the trouble centre in the hectic years of post-war administration. The triangle of ruins in the foreground is in the British Sector. The Russian Sector is in the background, and included in this is the German Economic Commission building. The American Sector, flanking Anhalter Strasse, is on the right

NEW AIR VIEWS OF RUINED BERLIN

Four Years After the End of Hostilities and, Despite a Limited Four-Power Agreement, Still a Bone of Contention Between Russia and the West

How does Berlin look after four years of uneasy peace, four years of conflict among the victorious Allies in the West and East? The answer, as these pictures show, is very little different from the Berlin of 1945, the city laid waste by the unrelenting day and night bombardments of the British and the Americans. Vast quantities of rubble have been cleared, of course; there has been some rebuilding, notably by the Russians, and a mantle of green softens the harshness of the general scene, making the wide open spaces and the great gaps between blocks of houses a trifle less conspicuous. These pictures were taken during the air-lift during the past few weeks of rail strike, when the city became once again almost wholly reliant upon the air bridge. The news that the Council of Foreign Ministers had reached a limited agreement on Berlin at once raised out hope that agreement would be reached on the rail strike, and that Berliners would have some respite from their tribulations. The need to get the goods trains moving again has been realised on all sides, and Russian interest in the resumption of trade between Eastern and Western Germany is paramount.

THE ANHALTER STATION—AN AIR-LIFT PILOT'S VIEWPOINT, TAKEN ABOVE THE HEAVILY DAMAGED DISTRICT IN THE AMERICAN SECTOR: Spreading over to the background from the left of the picture is the British Sector, which has its eastern boundary near the Potsdamerplatz. The Russian Sector occupies the top right half of the picture. The Anhalter Station used to provide an express link between Berlin and Vienna, Munich and Frankfurt-on-Main. In the past few weeks, during the disastrous rail strike, the station has been almost deserted, and it has again been necessary for the air-lift to bring all vital supplies to the city



WHERE HITLER'S VICTORIOUS LEGIONS STAGED THEIR VICTORY MARCH: The Brandenburger Tor, which now divides the British and Russian Sectors. The gate was erected in 1788-91. *On left*—This vast monument has been set up at Treptow, in memory of the Russian war dead

CELEBRATING THE FEAST OF CORPUS CHRISTI—A TRADITIONAL PROCESSION ON THE TRAUNSEE, AUSTRIA: The decorated boat, in which the Sacrament is conveyed by a priest, proceeding along Lake Traun, in the U.S. Occupation Zone of Austria. The feast day falls on the Thursday after Trinity Sunday

CORPUS CHRISTI IN THE BERCHTESGADEN COUNTY AT THE OBER SALZBERG, BAVARIA: During the day's celebration in this town marksmen fire pistols to expel ghosts. The custom dates back to 1675

One of the most colourful Corpus Christi ceremonies this year in Europe was the traditional procession on Lake Traun. During the day's ceremony the Holy Sacrament was taken out of the church and conveyed to a boat where an altar was erected. The procession of boats then circled the 7½-mile-long lake, stops being made at four different places for the celebration of Mass. On the east side of the lake the Traustein rises, 4,165 ft.

A WORLD EN FÊTE

Corpus Christi in Austria; St. Botolph's Day in Kent; Eisteddfod at Llangollen

IN HONOUR OF AN ENGLISH SAINT—A MEDIEVAL CUSTOM REVIVED ON ST. BOTOLPH'S DAY, AT NORTHFLEET, KENT: After a Patronal Festival Service in church, the vicar, the Rev. A. E. M. Johnson, reinaugurated the custom of dancing in the gaily-decorated square in front of the church. Following this, the parishioners formed a circle and drank mulled wine from a two-handled loving cup. Botolph, born in England, the son of Christian parents, lived in the seventh century

THE YOUNGEST DANCING COMPETITOR AT THE BRIDGE OF EARN HIGHLAND GAMES: Five-year-old Betty Dewar dancing during the games. Betty, who had waited eagerly for her turn to dance, performed with confidence. She travelled to the games from her home at Coaltown of Wemyss, Fife

COLOURFUL VISITORS TO THE LLANGOLLEN INTERNATIONAL MUSICAL EISTEDDFOD: *On left*—An Irish choir from Na Ceoltoiri, Dublin, rehearsing their number in the open-air under their leader, Miss Moira Griffiths. Their mascot, Maeve, is seen in the front of the group. *On right*—Spanish dancers in national costume. At this third festival of music and dancing competitors came from many European countries. On the last day of the festival more than 25,000 people crowded into Llangollen, which has a normal population of 3,000, and witnessed San Sabastian of Spain win the first prize and the international trophy. On that day a Czechoslovakian children's choir had flown to the town in order to take part in the contest. The children's choir contest was won by a Cardiff team

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OUTWARD BOUND FOR ABERDOVEY: Fourth vessel to bear the name "Warspite," this 80-ton auxiliary sea-going ketch left Cowes, Isle of Wight, recently for a "shake-down" cruise. Chartered free of cost by the Marine Society to the Outward Bound Sea School, she is on her way to Aberdovey, Merionethshire, where she will be received by the Duke of Edinburgh when he visits the school this month. Built in 1911 for the well-known yachtsman Sir Mortimer Singer, and originally known as "Blue Bird," the ketch is capable of sailing around the world, and will enable the boys at the school to make some extensive cruises

THE DENAZIFIED LUXURY YACHT "GRILLE" ENTERS NEW YORK: This 3,873-ton luxury yacht, one of the finest private vessels of its kind and formerly the property of Hitler, sailed into New York recently with one passenger and a crew of sixty. The passenger on the fifteen-day crossing from the Mediterranean was George Arida, Junr., whose father bought the vessel from the Admiralty in 1946. Mr. Arida, Senr., Near East textile magnate and British Consul at Tripoli, boarded the yacht on her arrival in New York

On right—Shorn of all but one small swastika, though still bearing her original name in large Gothic letters, the glittering white-and-gold yacht *Grille*, formerly the property of Adolf Hitler, arrived in New York a fortnight ago. She was not accorded the usual welcome for visiting vessels on their initial appearance in New York, but she was seen by thousands of passengers from the decks of the European-bound vessels *Queen Elizabeth*, *De Grasse* and *Washington*. Three sharp blasts were blown on the *Grille's* whistle as she dipped her colours in salute to the Statue of Liberty before proceeding to her berth at Pier 11, East River. The *Grille* is under the command of Captain Herbert E. Byng, whose forty years at sea have included service in both the British and United States merchant marines. Among the crew are four men who served in the yacht when she belonged to Hitler. The four, all engineers, were employed by Mr. Arida, the owner, to man the engine department owing to the complex character of the craft's German machinery. The group, led by Chief Engineer Emil Wessel, were first cleared by the British Foreign Office and are apparently not of Nazi sympathies. Together with the rest of the cosmopolitan crew they were, however, detained aboard the *Grille* for screening by the U.S. Immigration authorities. Mr. Arida is exhibiting the ship in New York on behalf of nine specified charities, and later he is taking it to Washington for the same purpose. Asked by a reporter if he intended to sell the vessel, the owner replied: "It is an expensive toy and I would not refuse a reasonable offer."

THE HOME NEWS IN PICTURES

A Record of Events in London and the Provinces

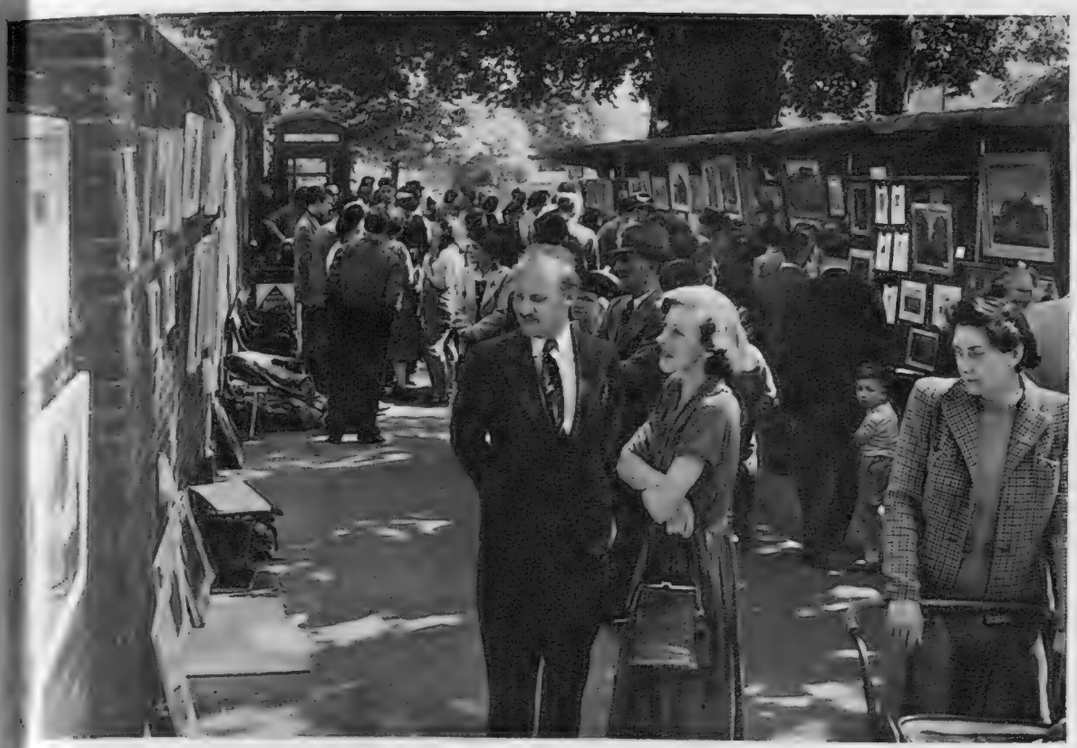
THE PRINCESSES AT THE ROYAL TOURNAMENT: Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret with the Duke of Edinburgh and Major-General J. C. O. Marriott, G.O.C. London District, in the Royal box at Olympia. On arrival at Olympia the Duke of Edinburgh inspected a guard of honour mounted by the Royal Navy, the Brigade of Guards and the Royal Air Force. The most spectacular event was the musical ride by the Household Cavalry. In the bridge-building competition the Royal visitors saw the Royal Engineers, Northern Command, set up a record in Bailey Bridge construction

THE KING INAUGURATES COLONIAL MONTH: His Majesty, who was accompanied by the Queen, speaking at Church House, Westminster, when he gave a message to the peoples of the Empire and spoke of the closer fellowship which Britain hoped to create among the Crown Colonies, Protectorates and Trust Territories. Seated in the foreground on the King's right hand is Mr. Arthur Creech Jones, Secretary of State for the Colonies, and on the Queen's left hand is Mr. Attlee. After the inaugural ceremony the King and Queen received a large number of Colonial representatives, talking to them of their life and work in the outposts of Empire. Altogether the representatives of twenty-four Colonies were present at Church House

THE SWEDISH PLANNERS AT COUNTY HALL: Mr. Craig (right centre), an officer of the Town Planning Committee, explaining the London Development Plan to members of the party of Swedish town planners who have been visiting London and other centres in Britain. On the right is Mrs. R. Stjernstedt, of the Stevenage Development Corporation. The three visitors on the left all come from the shipbuilding city of Gothenburg. Mr. Bertil Thorburn (second from left) leads the Swedish delegation

A DREAM HOUSE FOR ART STUDENTS: The Little Hall at Lavenham, Suffolk, which is to be made available to young artists who will be able to stay there at low cost and to study among the art treasures collected by the late Major Gayer-Anderson and his brother, Colonel Anderson, who has just given the hall for this purpose

THE BOARD OF ADMIRALTY RETURNS TO ITS HISTORIC PLACE OF MEETING: Viscount Hall (right centre), First Lord of the Admiralty, presiding over a meeting in the restored Board Room in London. In April 1941 the room was shattered by a German bomb, its elaborate carvings, furniture and pictures being buried beneath a heap of rubble. Reading from the extreme left clockwise round the table the members are: John Dugdale, Parliamentary and Financial Secretary; W. J. Edwards, Civil Lord; Rear-Admiral R. A. B. Edwards, C.B.E., Assistant Chief of Naval Staff; Admiral Sir John H. Edelsten, K.C.B., C.B.E., Vice-Chief of Naval Staff; Admiral of the Fleet Lord Fraser of North Cape, G.C.B., K.B.E., First Sea Lord and Chief of the Naval Staff; Mr. R. R. Powell, Deputy Secretary; Viscount Hall; Sir John Lang, K.C.B., Permanent Secretary; Vice-Admiral Sir H. J. Harcourt, K.C.B., C.B.E., Second Sea Lord and Chief of Naval Personnel; Vice-Admiral Sir Charles S. Daniel, K.C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O., Third Sea Lord and Controller of the Navy; Vice-Admiral H. A. Packer, C.B., C.B.E., Fourth Sea Lord, Chief of Supplies and Transport; Vice-Admiral Sir George E. Creasy, K.C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O., Fifth Sea Lord, Deputy Chief of Naval Staff (A.



HAMPSTEAD STAGES AN ALFRESCO ART EXHIBITION: Visitors examining the pictures displayed on the pavement near the White Stone Pond in Heath Street, when the Open Air Art Exhibition arranged by Hampstead Council and the Hampstead Artists' Council was officially opened. The exhibition will be held on Saturdays and Sundays throughout the summer. Exhibitors must arrive at 9.45 a.m., when their exhibition space will be decided by lot. Only recently the London County Council sponsored a similar exhibition in the gardens at Charing Cross. It aroused considerable interest among lunch-hour visitors, but prices were regarded as too high

THE DISNEYS IN ENGLAND: Walt Disney strolling through Savoy Chapel Gardens with his wife and their two daughters, Diane, aged sixteen, and Sharon, aged thirteen. Mr. Disney is here to make a live film of Robert Louis Stevenson's "Treasure Island." From now on Mr. Disney plans to make one cartoon a year. It will be *Cinderella* in 1950, he says, and *Alice in Wonderland* in 1951. Mickey Mouse, now twenty-one-years old, is not seen much these days, but Mr. Disney gives his assurance that he will not disappear altogether. "We put him out to grass sometimes, but I don't think he'll ever retire," declares his creator

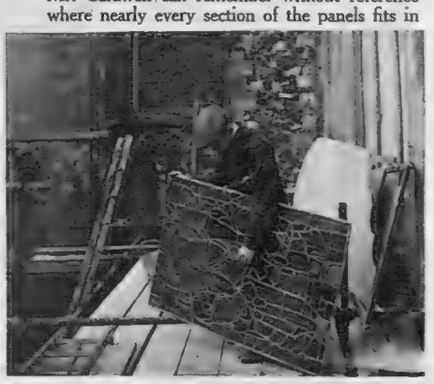
PHIL HANNA RECEIVES IN HIS DRESSING-ROOM AT HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE: He is playing the lead in the musical show "Brigadoon," but the reason Pat Todd (left) and Virginia Boyer (right) have come to congratulate him is because of his success in the Men's Singles at Wimbledon. In the first round Hanna beat R. F. Egan of Ireland in four sets, and in the second round he accounted for S. L. R. Sawhney, of India, again in four sets, the second of which went against Hanna 7—9. If he had more time for practice on the courts this American stage star would have little difficulty in getting into the front rank

A DRIVING FORCE IN WOMEN'S CRICKET: Miss H. Sanders, of Surrey, a member of the English women's touring team in Australia and New Zealand last season, off-driving a ball from E. Manser (Middlesex) during the recent cricket match at The Saffrons, Eastbourne, between a combined Surrey and Sussex team and a combined Middlesex, Berkshire and Oxfordshire team. Eight of the players were on the Australian-New Zealand tour. The wicket-keeper in this picture is Miss D. Thomson. Miss Lowe, who is seen in the picture on the right, is another international player

DEMON GIRL! Miss D. M. Lowe (of Middlesex) bowling in the inter-counties match at Eastbourne

CANTERBURY'S STAINED-GLASS EXPERT EXAMINES PORTIONS OF THE CATHEDRAL WINDOWS: Mr. Samuel Caldwell at work on the restoration of the great windows. The present work has been in progress since the end of the war, during which time the windows were removed

EXAMINING A PORTION OF PAINTED GLASS: Having been responsible for their removal, Mr. Caldwell can remember without reference where nearly every section of the panels fits in



ONE OF THE 1,008 PANELS OF STAINED GLASS: This panel, which depicts Henry VIII, forms a part of the East Window of the Chapter House

THE EAST WINDOW OF THE CHAPTER HOUSE NEARS COMPLETION: Reinstalling the King Henry VIII panel in its position

The stained glass of Canterbury Cathedral, mother church of the Anglican Communion, is now in a well-advanced state of restoration after its removal during the war. Although the Cathedral itself had a most fortunate escape from bombing it is doubtful if the magnificent twelfth- and thirteenth-century stained glass would have survived the concussion during the devastating raids. In charge of the restoration of the twenty-two windows is Mr. Samuel Caldwell, who for thirty years or so has been glazier to the Dean and Chapter, and whose family has looked after the Cathedral glass for three generations

CRICKET on the GREEN

ENGLAND'S GLORIOUS SUMMER GAME IN AN IDEAL SETTING: A MATCH AT LITTLEWICK GREEN

A MATCH IN PROGRESS ON LITTLEWICK GREEN: Members of the Amersham Hill team watching two of their men batting against Littlewick Green, a Berkshire club which provides an ideal setting for Britain's summer game. The village hall is used both as a pavilion and grandstand

PREPARING THE PITCH FOR THE DAY'S MATCH: The dew has hardly vanished before the enthusiastic Littlewick cricketers are out rolling the pitch and marking out the creases. Tony Neville, the Littlewick captain, is the left-hand man in the trio operating the roller. George ("Tizzie") Shailes, a member of the team who acts as groundsman, is seen on left

Ever since cricket was played on Windmill Down and Broadhalfpenny Down, Hambledon, in the middle years of the eighteenth century, when such giants of old as David Harris and William Beldham turned out for the local team, and Hambledon was good enough to meet an all-England XI, village cricket has held an honoured place in the annals of the game. Besides the big county teams, there are some 1,400 cricket clubs in England, and there are village teams innumerable. A typical village team is the Littlewick Green Cricket Club at Littlewick Green, near Maidenhead, Berks. The setting is pleasantly rustic. There are thatched cottages on the edge of the green, and trees whose leafy boughs throw shade over the ladies of Littlewick as they applaud the players or take forty winks when the play becomes leisurely. On benches outside "The Cricketers," the older generation of Littlewick can watch the "youngsters" and compare them with the local "giants" of their own day. There is plenty of good English ale for thirsty throats during the lunch interval, and a bumper tea in the pavilion afterwards, prepared and served by the ladies. Enthusiasm and keenness are the solid basis on which is built the success of such clubs as Littlewick Green. Club executives are responsible for making fixtures, travel arrangements, and for the upkeep of the pitch. Working men have little spare time these days, but what they have they give willingly to the game.

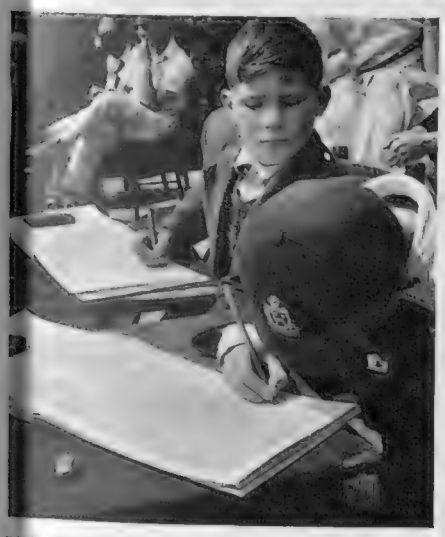
THE HOME TEAM AND THE VISITORS ADJOURN TO "THE CRICKETERS": The lunch interval at Littlewick Green when the players beneath the spreading branches of an ancient oak and en a pint or two, the two batsmen currently at the wic very often abstaining, because they must keep their eye

THE HOME TEAM AND THE VISITORS ADJOURN FOR TEA: It is served in the village h the temporary pavilion, by the ladies of Littlewick, and the young scorers, w are seen at the end of the table on the left, sit in with the grown-ups and en their fill of cakes and sandwiches. After the tea interval the game gathers p

IN THE AFTERNOON COMES A SPELL OF BRISK BATTING FROM THE MEN OF LITTLEWICK : Supporters watch as the runs pile up, and more than one veteran awakes from his after-lunch slumber to applaud the prowess of the new generation. As the afternoon wears on the number of spectators usually increases

ALL EYES ARE FOCUSSED ON THE FIELD : Members of the Amersham Hill team watch their batsmen in the centre of the green. Second from the left is Donald Cooper, captain of the Amersham Hill XI, who has just been caught

"TIZZIE" SHAILES GETS A ROUND OF APPLAUSE : One of the leading lights of the Littlewick Green team is clapped as he returns from the wicket after scoring a brisk twenty. "Tizzie" is a very popular figure locally



THE MATHEMATICIANS : Basil Wheeler looks over Mike Brown's shoulder to check the score as they keep official record

THE VITAL PRELIMINARIES TO A DAY'S PLAY : George Shailes, star batsman of Littlewick, with his captain, Roy Neville (centre), and Bob Watkins mark out the pitch

PETER LOWE OPENS THE BOWLING FOR LITTLEWICK : He is being watched by the Amersham Hill captain, Donald Cooper, who is one of the opening batsmen for the visitors

The ROAD SCOUTS of the A.A.

And How They Are Trained at a Special School of Instruction

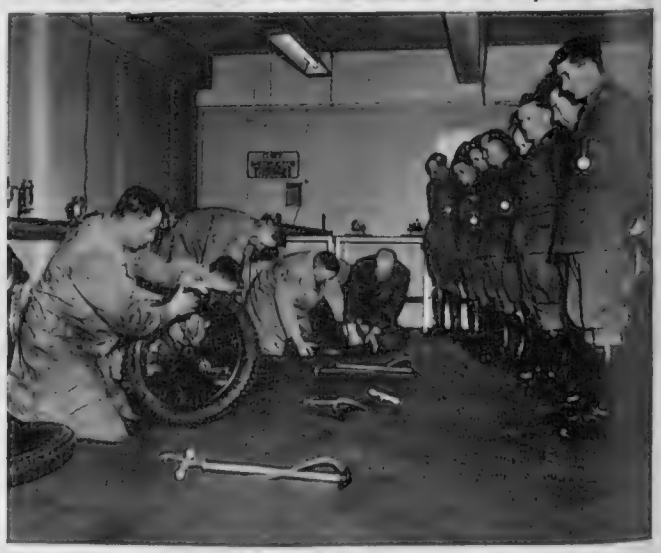
The Automobile Association has 800,000 members, and to ensure that those members enjoy at all times a high standard of service, the A.A. has opened at its service department in London a school of instruction for its scouts. Each intensive course lasts ten days, and the comprehensive syllabus has been designed to ensure that the men are not only efficient at running repairs, but understand the whole spirit of the service. These pictures show the patrolmen on their course, engaged upon the theory and practice of everything appertaining to motoring. Leading car, motor-cycle and accessory manufacturers have co-operated with the A.A., supplying sets of instruction books for different cars and in some cases models and parts for practical demonstration

EXPLAINING THE INTRICACIES OF LIGHTS, IGNITION AND SELF-STARTER: A lecturer at the Automobile Association Service Department in London talking to patrolmen during one of the periods in their intensive ten-day course. One full day on the course is devoted to the electrical side of maintenance, since electrical failures, it is found, constitute 90 per cent. of the roadside troubles of the present-day motorist

POINTING OUT THE SPECIAL FEATURES OF A DISTRIBUTOR FOR AN EIGHT-CYLINDER ENGINE: A.A. patrolmen undergoing practical instruction during their ten-day course. It is not intended to turn them into highly-skilled mechanics, but they must be conversant with all the causes of engine failure and be able to effect running repairs

A SPELL OF THEORETICAL INSTRUCTION: Some of the patrolmen in the classroom, where they receive a thorough education in A.A. activities. The course terminates with a practical test

THE CHIEF INSTRUCTOR SETS A TRAFFIC PROBLEM: The model shown is an intersection on the Kingston By-pass, and the patrolmen are asked to make quick-fire decisions. The finer points of driving technique and everything which bears on road safety come under discussion



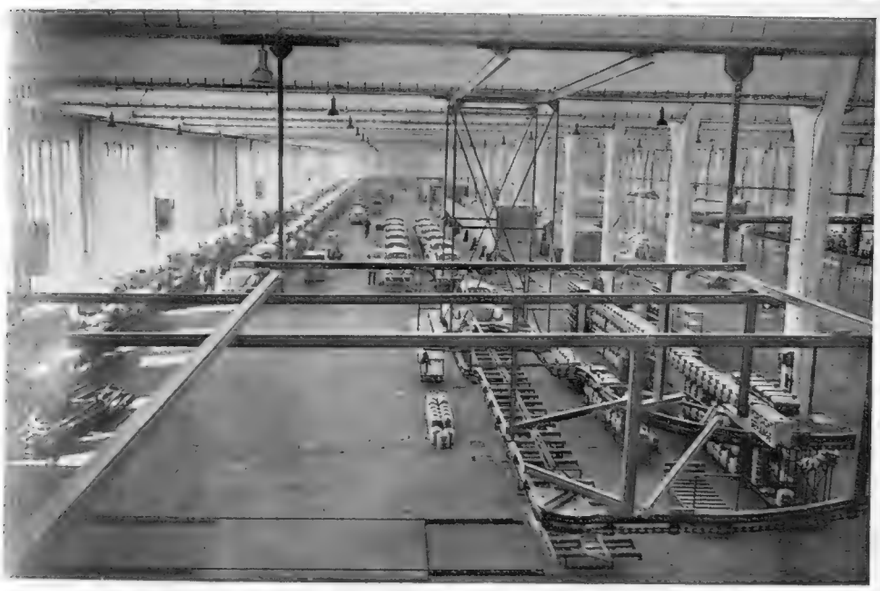
IT 'S EASY WHEN YOU KNOW HOW: Patrolmen engaged in high-speed tyre-fitting, just one phase of the practical instruction on the A.A. course. Each pupil has a chance to show his practical skill, and he can return to the road, secure in the knowledge that he is able to handle any situation likely to arise

NEW BELGIAN CAR FERRY ON THE DOVER-OSTEND ROUTE: The vessel, which has been named "Car Ferry," dressed overall on the occasion of her first visit to Dover. She was built in America

WITH ROOM FOR 110 CARS: The new "Car Ferry" introduced by the Belgian Merchant Marine on the Dover-Ostend route. As the picture *on the left* shows, the ferry has a sliding door in the stern, but it is doubtful whether this can be used successfully in Dover Harbour with the present installations. On the existing British Railways car and train ferry service between Dover and Dunkirk the boats enter a lock and the cars drive aboard via an inclined ramp. In addition to 110 cars the Ostend ferry can take 700 passengers. Good cabin accommodation is provided, with eighteen cabins taking two persons each and eight cabins taking four persons. The restaurant will seat ninety people at a time

CARS

ON THE HIGH SEAS: IN THE FACTORY: ON THE RACE-TRACK



GERMANS GET THEIR PEOPLE'S CAR AT LAST; BUT NOT THE PEOPLE WHO ORIGINALLY ORDERED THEM: Volkswagen on the assembly line at the Volkswagen works at Wolfsburg, Germany. They are being built at the rate of 3,000 per month, which is by no means fast enough to satisfy demands

THE LIGHT STREAMLINED BODY OF A VOLKSWAGEN IS SWUNG INTO PLACE: Below it the chassis moves steadily along the assembly line at the Wolfsburg plant. It was in 1938 that Adolf Hitler promised the German people a car that all could afford. He called it the Volkswagen and some 300,000 Germans contributed over £20,000,000 in advance payments for the new models. The war intervened, and the Volkswagen factory was turned over to military production. The original subscribers, who have now formed an association, are not on the priority list for the new post-war Volkswagen

THE START OF THE BELGIAN GRAND PRIX: The fourteen competitors getting away to a massed start on the track at Francorchamps, Belgium. The race was won by Louis Rosier, of France, who, driving a Talbot, covered the 310-mile course at an average speed of nearly 97 m.p.h. in 3 hrs. 15 mins. The runner-up was E. Villaresi of Italy, who drove a Ferrari, and another Italian, Ascari, also driving a Ferrari, was third. Reg. Whitehead, of Great Britain, was fourth. He also drove a Ferrari

STOCK CARS PROVIDE THRILLS AND SPILLS AT ATLANTA: June Cleveland of Griffin, Georgia, crashing into the banking when attempting to pass fellow-competitors on a bend. The car turned over several times and was destroyed. Cleveland emerged unscathed. Coloured drivers are at the wheel of the two cars seen in the foreground. Stock car racing in the United States is now a well established sport particulary at Indianapolis

BY CAR THROUGH ITALY

Aspects of a Holiday-Time Tour

By CHARLES GRAVES

ROME.

A FEW weeks' touring in Italy teaches a good many do's and don'ts to the observant motorist, such as passing stationary tramcars, hooting in any town except Rome, which can to-day be described as the Eternal City of Noise, accepting your hotel's idea of what the exchange for travellers' cheques should be, failing to count every single item on your bill, whether it is in a restaurant or hotel, forgetting to have your passport ready at all times, and so on. There is an Italian proverb which goes, "*Se la va, la-va*," which, being interpreted, means, "If you can get away with it—fine." This is particularly true of hotels. Only twice has the bill been apparently right, and never once has it erred on the debit side of the hotel. Dates are actually added in. As for the various taxes—15 per cent. for service, 3 per cent. for city tax, etc.—you need to be very careful to see that they don't add all of them on to items like laundry or the concierge's bill, which, of course, have nothing to do with the extra percentage at all. If you are travelling in a party of four, as I am, be sure that the chauffeur's bill is not put on to all three of you, or that the same wine is not charged all round. It is astonishing how a bill of 3,000 lire adds up to 4,500 by the time they have done with you. Only two hotels have so far changed my travellers' cheques at the right price. Usually they try to cut the exchange by anything up to 150 lire in the pound. . . . So much for good advice temporarily.

The other week I was saying that I proposed to go to Dongo, which, according to *This Land of Italy*, published in London a month ago, was where Mussolini was assassinated. On arrival there, I found that this was entirely incorrect. True, he was captured there while heading for the Swiss border, but he was actually murdered 30 kilometres away, on a side road off Giulio. It seems that the Communists knew that troops from Milan were trying to intercept them and their prisoners, and so darted up this side road and shot him and his mistress outside a tall green villa. There are two very small black crosses to mark the spot on the stone wall outside—about a yard apart. Crickets were chirping, birds were singing and the inevitable beggar approached for alms. This was particularly ironical, because among Mussolini's reforms one was the suppression of begging, and the other making it illegal to kiss in public. Neither law has been altered but, while no one kisses in the streets, the beggars are an absolute nuisance—anything from children of five up to dotards of eighty shuffle up with palms outstretched. Women carrying babies also try to work the gipsy rackets.

In Venice, the Lido's leading hotel has just opened, though the season does not really start until July 15. Although this was my third visit, I had never realised before now that three of the neighbouring islands are lunatic asylums, another is for contagious diseases, and the fifth is for tubercular patients. Of the big palazzos on the neighbouring Grand Canal, scarcely any of the private ones are being occupied. The hoots and catcalls of the motor-boats and steamboats and speed-boats must make it almost insufferable. Those who used to know Danielli's before the war may be interested to know that it is almost doubling in size, though the work on the house next door is by no means complete. Those who found themselves in Venice and other parts of Italy during the recent war will be amused to learn that those bright blue arrows on the walls are still to be seen all over the country. On the whole, the war damage in Northern Italy has been almost entirely cleared up, and you have to drive well south of Florence before blitzed buildings catch the eye in any numbers. Florence itself has become the happy hunting ground of numbers of youngsters who claim that they are going to write books. Many of them are Americans with war-veteran and other scholarships, but you see them more in the smart bars like the Leland than in their studies, studios, or wherever it is they are supposed to work. By the way, the original plans of that lovely bridge—San Trinita—have survived, and collections are already being inaugurated to have it rebuilt exactly as it was before the Germans blew it up on their retreat. Ponte Vecchia was left untouched, though the fine old houses on both sides were dynamited. No attempt has been made to restore them, though the bridge farther up-stream has already been restored and given the name of Il Gobbo, meaning the hunchback. The Uffizi is only partially open to the public, but there is a special exhibition at the Strozzi Palace in honour of Lorenzo the Magnificent to make up for it.

ROME CELEBRATES THE FEAST OF CORPUS CHRISTI: The solemn procession, led by Cardinal Micara, moving through the Via Topino, flanked by Carabinieri in full dress and armed members of the police force. Corpus Christi, the festival of the Church which is kept on the Thursday after Trinity Sunday in honour of the Eucharist, was instituted by Urban IV in 1264. It was in medieval times often the occasion for the presentation of religious dramas by the trade guilds

To revert to travel topics, English and Egyptian cigarettes are all Black Market. American cigarettes seem to be legal, though spivs offer them to you out of the corner of their mouths, presumably at a cut rate. I was advised not to buy them, and took the advice. . . . Italian currency is, of course, entirely paper. There is not a single coin in circulation, not that the 5-lire or 10-lire notes, most of them quite filthy, are any use, except for the *Autostradas*, where you are charged 75 lire (or some other odd sum), and the lifts in the museums, which cost 10 lire apiece to use. Worse still, there seem to be at least half-a-dozen different 100-lire notes, two or three kinds of 1,000-lire notes, not to mention the 5,000- and 10,000-lire notes. The trouble is that the more important notes look far less valuable than some of the others, and it is very easy indeed to tip 1,000 lire of the small size when you mean to give only 100. There are also two kinds of 500-lire notes: possibly more. Horse-cabs and taxis cost approximately the same; though on the whole the latter are cheaper. Some of the local wines, however, are particularly good and cheap. On my bill at Perugia there was an item of 200 lire (1s. 10d.) for a bottle of wine, and an item of 300 lire for a bottle of mineral water. Steaks in Italy have improved out of all recognition since before the war. So has Italian brandy, one species of which is really quite drinkable if you forget the prune-like after-taste. Personally, I have been concentrating largely on fresh lemon-juice mixed with fresh orange-juice and a spot of soda-water. What really fascinated me, however, was to find that the real Munich Löwenbrau is once more available. I wonder whether it will come to England too? Italian beer is not bad at all, and I was interested to learn that in Italy, too, a good deal of it is drunk.

Nobody ever mentions Umberto, who, I gather, is in Portugal; nor Mussolini, whose daughter Edda Ciano is being befriended by a former admirer in a villa on Capri. Everyone talks of Princess Margaret, though. You are told where she ate, where she had a manicure, where she stayed and what she saw. The English seem particularly popular, more so than the Americans—for one good reason. So many Italians were prisoners of war in England, and seem to have enjoyed it thoroughly. You really don't need to hire a guide in any Italian town. All you have to do is to walk down the main street and, sure enough, someone will come up, and without wanting money at all, will offer to take you round in return for English hospitality during the war. Their English is getting rapidly rusty, but they will tell you all about Oxford, Tenby, Banbury, in fact, almost every country town near which they worked as farm labourers. . . . They seem to regard it as the high-spot in their lives, and are very proud of having surrendered at anywhere from Sidi Barrani onwards. One chap told me that to-day he owns an armoured car, and pointed it out to me. That was in Perugia, where three of them were parked opposite our hotel, which brings me to another tip. If you ever see the Celere police out on a job—keep out of their way. They are rough with the populace, and anyone who has the misfortune to be in their immediate neighbourhood.

Plans for Anno Sancto next year are already far advanced. There are posters about them in all the large churches which we have visited so far, and anyone who plans to go there next year had better book very soon; the pilgrimages from the U.S. alone will very nearly swamp the country. Even now Rome is very full indeed, although the tourist season does not normally begin until July and August—the worst months in the whole year for the Italian capital, by the way.

So far I have only played on two golf courses—at Stresa and Florence. The latter is quite the most beautiful and also the best kept which I have encountered anywhere on the Continent since the war. It is very well laid out, the greens are perfect, and there is a superb swimming-pool in which to cool off. Stresa is shorter, but great fun. So far, indeed, Italy has provided me with everything I want, particularly sunshine and good service, together with one or two things I could have done without—a very fierce mosquito sting on the eyelid at Florence, a great wariness about bills, and a complete contempt for the post in view of the fact that you can never guarantee any letter reaching England in under a week, or reaching you from England in under ten days, unless you are in Rome.

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The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

A SPATE OF NEW NOVELS

The Art of Miss Compton-Burnett; The Arnold Bennett School; Miss Stevie Smith Re-emerges

LIKE all the admirers of Miss I. Compton-Burnett's novels, I like to think that I have a special appreciation of them, and so I opened TWO WORLDS AND THEIR WAYS (Gollancz. 10s. 6d.) with the keenest anticipation. At its end, I was not entirely disappointed, because there is an inimitable art here; but, frankly, I had not enjoyed myself as much as I had hoped. Her books, of which I have a treasured collection, have always been a joy to me, to be read and re-read times without number, and to be jealously preserved from those familiar fiends, the book-borrowers. The new novel will join its predecessors on the shelf and there is no doubt that it will be sedulously re-read, but I confess I missed some of the biting, stringent humour of the others.

We are told that Mr. George Beardmore, nephew of Arnold Bennett and schooled in writing by him, has a philosophy of absolute scepticism, so it is possible to suppose that Mr. Beardmore's novel, A LION AMONG LADIES (Macdonald. 10s. 6d.), is a product of that scepticism. Perhaps there will come from the Potteries country a traditional school, focused on what they conceive to be the realities, concentrating on the educated middle classes and more joyless than their master, Bennett, ever was. In the meantime, this is a surprisingly readable novel—and I use that word advisedly—with some excellent drawing of character and a cumulative effect of unnecessary misery that distinguishes it from less well-written books.

Miss Stevie Smith has written another novel, and I hope that will be as good news to you as it is to me. It is eleven years since she wrote her second novel, and thirteen since she wrote her first, the unforgettable *Novel on Yellow Paper*. THE HOLIDAY (Chapman and Hall. 8s. 6d.) concerns a young woman who works in one of the post-war Ministries. In her room works a friendly creature, Tiny, and in the next room his twin brother, Clem, who is ten minutes older and so has the title. This older brother pursues Tiny only to persecute him, but the statutory fortnight's leave brings a certain measure of peace to Tiny and to Celia, who pities him, at the Lincolnshire rectory of her Uncle Heber. Celia's cousin, Caz, is there, too, and they love each other, as they have from childhood, but their story, although idyllic, is not simple, and it is left to Stevie Smith's unique and strange talent to show the reader its innocence and its sorrow

ERIC WILLIAMS RETURNS TO GERMANY: The author of "The Wooden Horse" outside a former prisoner-of-war camp. He is looking for a suitable site for the filming of his best-selling escape book. The original camp lies behind the "Iron Curtain," but most of the camps were similarly planned

Miss Storm Jameson has written a novel of real and tragic poignancy in THE MOMENT OF TRUTH (Macmillan. 7s. 6d.). It is a short book, written with exquisite economy of phrase and of emotion, yet the impression with which it leaves one is almost as haunting as a personal experience. A group of people, young fliers, soldiers, and a girl ferry pilot, are waiting on a northern airfield for the aeroplane that will come to take them to America and safety. All England has been overrun by the enemy, and there is little time to spare. Suddenly they get the last message from the surviving wireless transmitter: when the aeroplane arrives it is to take off a party of five other people, V.I.P.s, who will be arriving at any moment. These people come, and so does the moment for decision, since the old Anson aircraft will only hold the pilot and five others. Each of them reacts in a characteristic way, with nobility, with terror, with the selflessness of love, or with the blind determination of another kind of love. Miss Jameson writes—there is no other word for it—beautifully, and the anguish and fear and exaltation that are implicit in the story never move her to an error of exaggeration.

There is a maxim in the commercial theatre and the commercial film world that the farther back in history a play or a scenario may go, the more remote will be its appeal to the general public, but Jane Oliver's historical novel, SING, MORNING STAR (Collins. 10s. 6d.) is adequate proof that the period and the story of Margaret of Hungary, and King Malcolm of Scotia, who loved and wed after the Norman Conquest, is romantic and forceful enough in itself for twentieth-century readers.

Nikolai Leskov was a Russian writer who worked between the years of 1862 to 1895 and, in a richly naïve introduction to a volume of three of Leskov's short stories, THE AMAZON (Allen and Unwin. 10s. 6d.), his translator, Mr. David Magarshack, explains that he was entirely free from any "literary" taint, with the result that his writings are invariably lifelike and his language rich and idiomatic. The three stories are excellent of their kind, warm and colloquial and homely.

Lieutenant-Colonel J. K. Stanford's GUNS WANTED (Faber and Faber. 15s.) may not be exactly a novel, as is claimed for it, but it certainly is entertaining, and a fresh and lively account of what happens nowadays in "syndicate shoots," when the members may be as mixed as the bag. It is also, and unmistakably, a work of authority.

THE TARES AND THE WHEAT (Hodder and Stoughton. 10s. 6d.) is an Englishman's novel of present-day Czechoslovakia, and all the more interesting to English readers for that necessarily objective point of view. This, I may say, in spite of the fact that Mr. Walter Marsden appears, like others of our literate compatriots, to have fallen under the spell of that land-bound republic. His novel traces the inevitable conflict between the visitor and the countryman, and the not-so-inevitable but possible friendships. It is written with enthusiasm rather than with restraint, but it is good-humoured, lively and, above all, friendly and wide in its outlook.

CIRCLES ROUND THE WAGON (Michael Joseph. 8s. 6d.) is a novel of a type that is hard to classify, unless one detects in it some slight trace of resemblance to *The Yearling*. But Mr. Fred Gipson's book is tougher and saltier stuff than that, even if it is mainly concerned with a little boy and his passionate longing for a pet of his own, a black "hound-dog" in this case. The scene of the story is Texas.

Some years ago, when Mr. Moray McLaren was in Edinburgh, he was accosted by an old and ragged woman who offered to show him the town, adding, as an inducement, that she had been Robert Louis Stevenson's "fancy woman," or words to that effect. Mr. McLaren wondered not whether her boast were true or not, but that she should have made it at all, which, he thought, showed at least some literary sense. He expanded the incident into a short story and a broadcast, and now it is the basis of the first chapter of his new novel, THE UNPOSSESSED (Chapman and Hall. 7s. 6d.). What *I* wonder is not whether the incident ever took place but whether it was worth this reiterated interest.

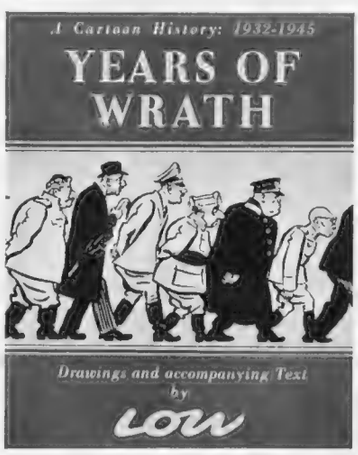
TWO MEN WHO MET KING LOBENGULA

The African Journals of a Bishop and a Financier

Lobengula, savage King of the Matabele, who stood alike in the path of the missionary and the seeker after gold, who for a brief moment checked the acquisitive course of Empire, is revealed from two highly different viewpoints in two journals which are published this week within the same volume. The joint title is, aptly enough, GOLD AND THE GOSPEL IN MASHONALAND 1888 (Chatto and Windus. 25s.), and the journals are those of Bishop Knight-Bruce, the heroic Bishop of Bloemfontein, who sought from the King of the Matabele permission to bring Christianity to the persecuted, peace-loving Mashona, and of Charles Dunell Rudd, that brilliant and astute associate of Cecil Rhodes, who sought from the same monarch, at about the same time, exclusive mining rights over his whole domain. The one came in simple faith, with simple presents for Lobengula, the other came with presents of money, Martini-Henry rifles, small-arms ammunition, and an armed steamboat for the Zambesi. Both the Bishop and the business man met and parleyed with the King at great length. In Lobengula's presence Bishop Knight Bruce felt that he was in a world of savage heathendom worse than he had expected. Rudd was more tolerant. He described the King as a fine man, only very fat, with a beautiful skin and well proportioned. "He has a curious face; he looks partly worried, partly good-natured, partly cruel; he has a very pleasant smile." Rudd describes how the King's dinner was brought to him. "A great mass of meat—like the pieces they give lions at the Zoo, only as if it had been thrown into a big fire. He began to tear pieces off with a kind of stick. Altogether very much like a wild beast." Both Bishop Knight-Bruce and Mr. Rudd were deeply shocked by the cruelty of the Matabele. The latter records in one passage: "To-day one of Lobengula's regiments has returned from an expedition, having slaughtered a whole kraal of Mashonas, men and women, and have brought in sixty-two children as slaves."

It is hard to say which of these two strictly factual journals is the more fascinating. Perhaps pride of place goes to the good Bishop by reason of the very fortitude of his journeyings, the immense distances he covered on foot because the tsetse fly made horseback riding impossible, and the ill-health which he combated constantly. On the one hand the Bishop's active philanthropy, and on the other the manœuvrings of Rudd combine, however, to make a volume of absorbing interest, and a vital contribution to the recorded history of Central Africa. The volume is No. 4 in the Oppenheimer series, Central African Archives.

"Between England and revolution there will always stand an army of bowler hats," wrote Sean O'Faolain, which was only another way of saying what Aristotle and Euripides had long ago asserted with regard to the organisation of states: a pronouncement of unshakable belief in the moderating influence of the middle classes. Roy Lewis and Angus Maude, two young journalists with a flair for economics and a passion for research, have attempted to analyse the position of THE ENGLISH MIDDLE CLASSES (Phœnix House. 15s.), to show the source of their past strength, their current problems, in the face of an economic squeeze, and their future prospects, whether it be as a phalanx of privileged technicians, very much at the beck and call of the State, or as units in a largely classless society in which they might become in part submerged by present Socialistic trends. Mr. Lewis and Mr. Maude stick largely to facts, and to conjecture based upon their unremitting research. They conclude thus: "It is possible at least to the eye of faith to descry niches in the Socialist temple into which each of the upper middle-class groups of professional people and 'managers' could be squeezed, without the certainty of losing all the characteristics of a social class. But the position of members of the lower middle class is less happy." The authors see the lower middle class as a group in self-imposed isolation, but they are not without power by any means, they assert, as 1950 may possibly prove.



HISTORY IN BLACK AND WHITE: This procession of European leaders adorns the dust jacket of Low's "Years of Wrath" (Gollancz. 25s.), a collection of 300 cartoons covering the period 1932, just before Hitler came to power, to the end of the war in 1945. Low's characteristic commentary makes this a "history book" with a very real chance of immortality

The Island of Skye is world-famous for its natural beauties, but never before have they been recorded so thoroughly or so well in photographic terms as in Mr. W. A. Poucher's magnificently illustrated book THE MAGIC OF SKYE (Chapman and Hall. 30s.). There are 148 photographs in all in this fine volume. It is a book for the photographer, the climber, the rambler, and indeed all who love the high places. Two excellent maps serve as end papers.

The new series "American Crafts," edited by Charles Nagel, starts off with AMERICAN QUILTS AND COVERLETS, by Florence Peto, and AMERICAN SILVER, by John Marshall Phillips. Both books are published by Max Parrish at 15s. Compared with the modestly priced "Britain in Pictures" Series, they are expensive, and experts may regard them as rather brief, but their importance is beyond question, in that they show how, in their short history, the Americans have given a new expression and made a new approach to Europe's ancient crafts.

INTRODUCTION TO WILD FLOWERS (Adam and Charles Black. 12s. 6d.) is a new volume by Richard Morse, editor of *Countryside*. It is a wide-ranging and well-planned book dealing with 600 British wild flowers in non-technical language. Mr. Morse has the happy knack of combining scientific accuracy and charm of style.

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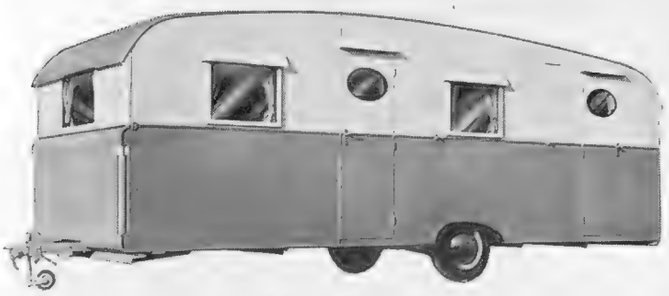

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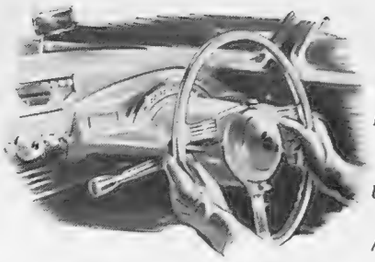

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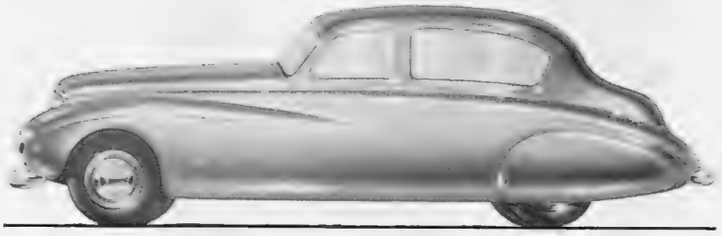

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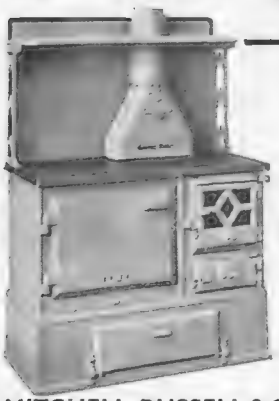

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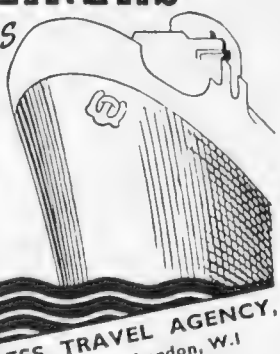

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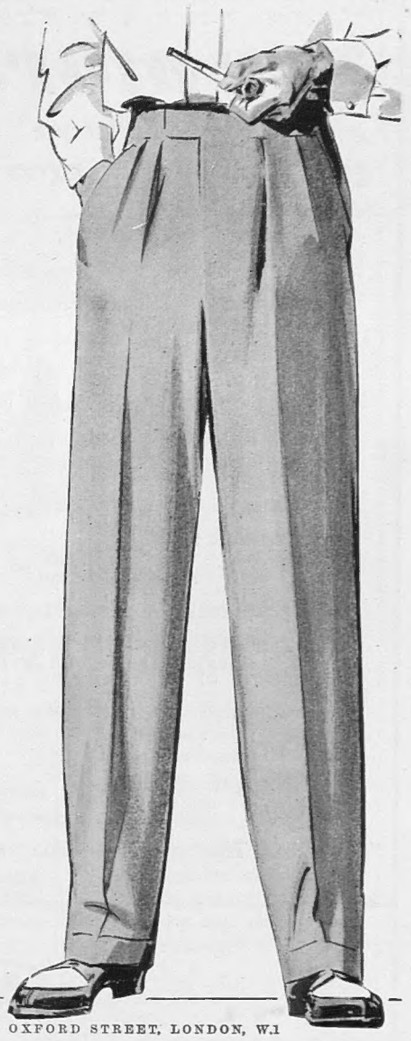

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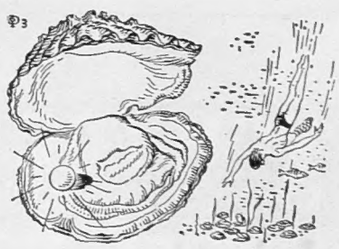

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July

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Patroness, H.R.H. The Princess Royal

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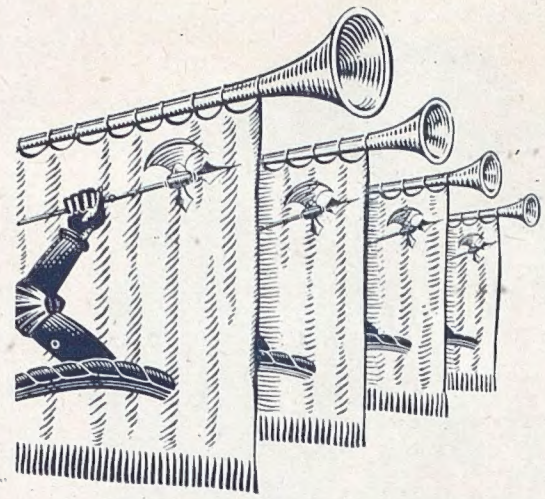

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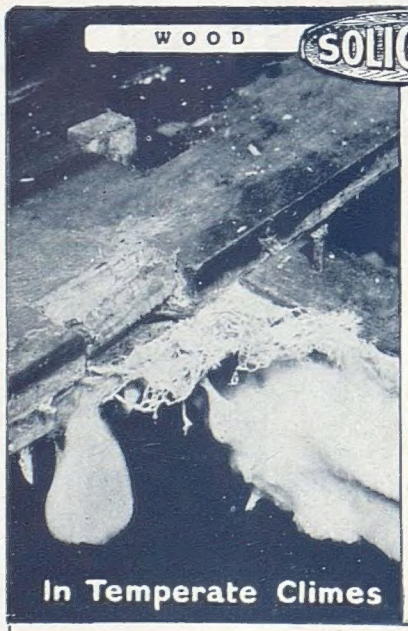
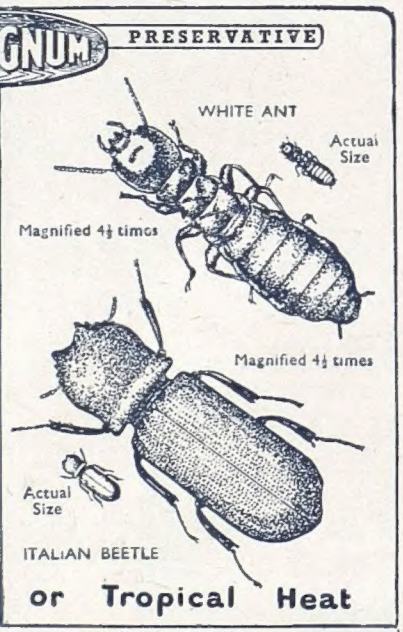


In Temperate Climes



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